NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1876. | VOLUME XXIV.—No. 39. Price Ten Cents.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The eve before His birth draws nigh,
The fading of the Matron Year,
The perished days rest on their bier,
And Wintry stars bestud the sky.

The morning light shall surely bring
The dawn of Christmas, sweet but pale,
Across the valley and the dale—
Ring, bells of Christmas, loudly ring!

Ring in the Saviour, born anew,
The love He gave to all mankind,
The gift of sight unto the blind,
The light in darkened souls renew.

And though your tones may not recall
The friends we loved, the moments fled,
Or give to us again our dead,
Ring in the love of Christ to all!

O happy night, illustrious morn!
'Neath Bethlehem's sky with stars beset,
The purple brow of Olivet
With gladness glows where Christ was born.

His footsteps on Judea's plain,
And at Bethsaida's pool we see;
And by the Lake of Galilee,
The Christ of Nazareth again.

Not now He stands in earthly guise,
But, in the outer courts of prayer,
The healing of His robe is there,
Although unseen of human eyes.

The seamless garment we may feel,
And human cares and human fears,
The wounding of our bitter tears,
It has not lost the power to heal.

Across our happy Christmas-sky
We hear, as audibly as then,
The angels' song—"Good-will to men!"
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

O stars that glow o'er Bethlehem's plain,
Burn in each human heart anew,
And bring the Christ-child to our view;
The Christ of Bethlehem, born again.

So we the Christmas-time shall keep,
And trust him for all coming time;
Until, within a brighter clime,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

CROOKED CALEB.

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTMAS TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

In his younger days Caleb Crook was a tall, straight man, with a ruddy face, a ringing laugh and a merry twinkle in his eye. Those who knew him best predicted for him a brilliant career. They said that Caleb was destined to make his mark in the world, that he would become rich and famous, and that propitious Fate would smile upon him through all his life. These predictions were made in a kindly spirit, and the fact that they did not prove true was no fault of Caleb's early friends. It was not to be expected that they could foresee the many misfortunes which were destined to fall to the lot of the young man whose future seemed so full of promise. Nobody, of course, could tell beforehand that by an unlucky circumstance he was to meet with an injury of the spine which left him deformed for life. Neither could anybody have told how the woman whom he loved was to die on the very day when she was to have become Caleb's wife; nor how an unlucky speculation should have swallowed up his comfortable little fortune, and left him without a dollar in the world. And yet these black clouds of misfortune followed each other in quick succession. So that, at the age of twenty-eight, Caleb Crook, who two years before was basking in the sunshine of prosperity, became a heart-broken cripple man. With his deformed body, thin, white face, his deep-sunken eyes and his gloomy spirits, it was difficult to recognize the hopeful, ambitious, defiant man for whom his friends had prophesied such glorious achievements. Penniless, dependent, and stricken with grief, he went forth from the village which had been his life-long home, to wage an uneven contest against the great, bustling world. He kept the history of his life locked up in his own breast. He made few acquaintances, and still fewer friends. His leisure hours, which in happier times he had learned to play with tolerable skill, now became his sole means of support. And by some odd freak of men's tongues, his name was twisted about, and he came to be known—where known at all—as "Crooked Caleb."

In a single paragraph I have put all the facts which I learned respecting a curious old man, after I had known him for many months. He was chary of his confidence, and only at long intervals did he choose to lift the veil and reveal to me a momentary glimpse of his past history. Then it was he appeared to regret his outburst of candor, and the veil was dropped as suddenly as it had been raised. I remember, distinctly enough, the first time that I ever spoke to Crooked Caleb. It was one day at rehearsal, between the first and second acts of "The School for Scandal," when he came behind the fly, where I was standing in conversation with Miss Dashley, our leading-lady. I had seen him two or three times before that and had been attracted towards him, both because of his bodily deformity and the peculiar expression of sadness which rested upon his pinched features. He had come upon the stage that morning during rehearsal in search of a piece of resin for his fiddle-bow, and Miss Dashley took the opportunity to introduce him to me.

"Caleb," said she, "this is Mr. Danforth, who has recently joined the company. Mr. Danforth, let me make you acquainted with Caleb, one of the violin-players in the orchestra—an excellent musician and a thoroughbred gentleman."

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Caleb," said I, extending my hand.

He bowed, and a faint flush mounted to his pale cheek as he rejoined:

"Crooked Caleb, sir, not mister. Everybody calls me Crooked Caleb."

It was somewhat embarrassing to hear him thus refer to his own misfortune, but I sought to make the best of it by adding:

"Well, Caleb, if 'Crooked' is the more familiar way of addressing you, I shall endeavor to get the name straight hereafter. I am very fond of the violin, and hope we shall be the best of friends."

Again he bowed, and again the color came into his cheek, as he answered:

"I am not an excellent musician, as Miss Dashley has been complimentary enough to say; I am but a very poor performer, sir."

"There, there," interrupted the lady with a merry laugh, "you mustn't say that, Caleb. Everybody knows that you can play the fiddle divinely!"

"So divinely that I am permitted to play second to Mr. Heinrich's first," he answered, with a bitterness of tone which did not escape me.

"But you'll be the leader one of these days, Caleb," continued Miss Dashley good-humoredly.

"Of course you will," said I, warmly. "We all have to work our way up, and slowly enough at that. Here am I, glad to get an engagement as general utility."

"Yes," rejoined Crooked Caleb sadly, "but you are a young man and I am an old one. You are beginning the race and I have wellnigh ended it. In a dozen years you may be at the top of your profession; but as for me—I have been playing second fiddle for thirty years, and I shall continue to do so until I die."

And with this, Crooked Caleb turned upon his heel and walked away.

That my little s o y may be the better understood, it is, perhaps, proper that I should offer some words of explanation with regard to myself. At the time of which I am writing, now more than a dozen years ago, I had achieved very little of success in my chosen profession. I do not mean to imply that I have since won any distinguished triumphs, or that I have soared into the atmosphere of theatric stars; but my position on the stage, such as it is, has been attained only by patient and laborious toil. I came of good dramatic stock, and I inherited something of the indomitable spirit of my father, and more of the impetuosity of my mother.

What I considered a very advantageous position presented itself to me in the Fall of 1864, under the management of Joseph Watson. The Virginia gentleman and successful manager had secured an excellent company, with which he proposed to make an extended tour through the western circuits, presenting a number of the standard English comedies. My engagement covered a period of six months, beginning on the fifteenth of September. I knew that I should be cast for minor parts only, but I knew also that Joseph Watson was a man quick to appreciate honest effort and ready always to reward merit. So I counted myself fortunate in receiving a favorable reply to my application for the position of general utility in the Watson Comedy Company; and I responded promptly to the call which appeared in the columns of *The We-kly Foot-light*, inviting the ladies and gentlemen engaged to travel under the management of Mr. Joseph Watson, "to meet on the stage of the Arch Street Theatre at eleven o'clock of Friday next." It was there that I first saw Crooked Caleb, who was to form one of the Watson Comedy Company's orchestra. And it was there, also, that I first saw Kate Dashley, without whom this Christmas story had not been written.

Looking back now through the dozen years that have rolled away, I see her still, as grandly beautiful as on that September morning when she first dazzled my eyes and thrilled me with the magic of her voice. Never, before or since, have I seen another face so perfect as her's. The marvelous regularity of features, the exquisite delicacy of color, the small, mobile mouth, the glorious nut-brown hair, the large lustrous eyes—all these combined to make Kate Dashley surpassingly beautiful. Her superbly-rounded figure would have served as a companion-piece to Powers' Greek Slave. And her voice—no woman was ever blessed with such a voice before. Its every tone was music, and words of commonest use caught a new significance when spoken by her lips. She could make more of the little monosyllable "yes" than could anybody else of a ten-worded sentence. And her "no"—ah! well, it was her "no" which made a tragedy out of that which seemed a farce!

I do not think that Kate Dashley was a great actress. She essayed great characters, it is true, and she played them always gracefully and sometimes forcibly; but she failed in the power to comprehend, rather than in the ability to execute. Her voice, her carriage, her movement—all these were as nearly perfect as they well could be. What was it then that she lacked—the something which separated her from the domain of true art? Many times I put that question to myself as I watched her upon the stage; but I could not then find a satisfactory answer to the puzzling inquiry. Grown wiser now I can solve the problem in a single line.

Kate Dashley lacked a heart.

The Watson Comedy Company opened the season of 1864-5 in Cincinnati, playing one week to excellent houses. Before the expiration of that time I awoke to a realizing consciousness of the fact that I was desperately in love with Kate Dashley. This may, in part, have accounted for the conversation which I held on the night of our closing performance in Cincinnati with Crooked Caleb. He and I had found accommodations under the same roof, and as we walked along together on that Saturday night I said to him:

"What do you think of our leading lady, Caleb?"

He turned his pale face full upon me, which, in the uncertain light of the moon, seemed even more haggard than usual, and answered somewhat sharply:

"What do I think of her? I think she is a magnificent creature without a heart!"

His words, as well as the bitter tone in which they were uttered, surprised and startled me. I had put the question with no other purpose than that of hearing some one besides myself praise the beauty of Miss Dashley. I really cared very little what Crooked Caleb's opinion of the lady might be, and had introduced her name simply because her image filled my mind. Assuming, as a matter of course, that my companion would agree with me in pronouncing a verdict wholly in favor of her loveliness and grace, I was vexed to hear him make such an unexpected reply.

"You do her injustice, I'm sure," said I warmly. "No woman of her culture and beauty—I do not mean physical beauty alone—could be without a heart."

"How long have you known her?" he asked quietly.

"I never saw her until last week," I answered; "but to see her once is enough to convince any man that she is not only beautiful, but high-minded and true."

Crooked Caleb laughed—a low, hard laugh, which grated on theear unpleasantly.

"You are a very wise young man, Mr. Danforth, if you can read a woman's heart in a week. Very wise indeed.

"How long have you known her?" I inquired, eager to learn something of the life of this woman whose beauty so thrilled and fascinatedme. "Did you meet her before this season?"

"Did I ever see her?" he repeated, as if to himself. "Yes, I have seen her many, many times. I have known her a long while—a very long while, Mr. Danforth. And I have had abundant opportunity to judge of her character."

"And having enjoyed this opportunity you say that she is a magnificent creature without a heart?"

"Without a heart!" he echoed, and then fell into a silence which I did not deem it wise to intrude upon by any further questioning.

It may have been a month after this conversation with Crooked Caleb, that I took occasion one evening to speak to Kate Dashley concerning the odd little fiddler. During that month my passion had grown more intense and absorbing, until it threatened to consume all other thoughts and aspirations. I was filled with a constant feeling of restlessness, and could find no peace nor pleasure save in the presence of the woman whom I adored. Our acquaintance by this time had ripened into an intimacy, yet I had never mentioned the subject of love to Kate Dashley. Basking in the sunshine of her smiles, I was content to feed my passion upon such unsubstantial trifles as a look, a sigh, or a pressure of the hand. These satisfied me for the time; they probably more than satisfied the young lady herself. On the evening to which I have made reference—the week was that of December 19th, in Detroit—I escorted Miss Dashley, at the conclusion of the performance, from the theatre to the hotel. This pleasurable task had fallen to my lot a number of times since we had left Cincinnati. She had been more than usually gracious to me that night, and it may have been her cordiality of manner which led me to say:

"Miss Dashley, our old friend Caleb is an old acquaintance of yours, is he not?"

"Did you learn that from him?" she asked.

"Well, yes, he told me that he had known you for a considerable length of time."

"What else did he tell you concerning me?"

I felt rather than saw her lustrous eyes fixed full upon my face, and I thanked the darkness which concealed a possible blush, as I answered:

"Nothing."

"Not a word?"

"Not a word!"

She was silent for a moment or two, and then added:

"Yes; Crooked Caleb has known me for a long time. He knew me when I was a little girl, and before I went upon the stage. Did he tell you that?"

"He did not," I answered with all candor.

"He has been very kind to me, and I am sure that I am thankful for what he has done in my behalf. I hate ingratitude above all things, don't you, Mr. Danforth?"

Of course I did, and of course I said that I did. And the beautiful woman at my side, giving just the slightest pressure to my arm, continued in her wondrously musical tone:

"I have always thought a great deal of Caleb. But for all that, I could not be expected to accept him as a lover."

"As a lover!" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes," she replied. "Crooked Caleb was foolish enough to fall in love with me. And because I refused to listen to his suit, he has been angry with me ever since."

"Ever since when?" I inquired.

"Two years ago, I think it was. He asked me to become his wife, and the idea struck me as so absurd that I laughed in his face. Perhaps it was that which wounded his feelings so deeply. I ought not to have turned his love into ridicule, I suppose; but really, Mr. Danforth, I couldn't help it. Not that I should wish to turn all love into ridicule, but——"

Whether Kate Dashley finished that sentence or not I never knew. The delicate hint which she had thrown out afforded me such a golden opportunity of confessing my passion, that I seized upon it in my haste, and poured into her listening ear the story of my absorbing love. I could see the color deepen in her face and feel her shapely hand tremble upon my arm; and when I had finished speaking she made answer in her melodious voice, saying:

"I have loved you from the first day that I saw you. My heart is wholly yours."

What shall I say of the weeks that followed that memorable night? I lived in a state of blissful exhilaration, oblivious to all passing events, unmindful of all worldly vexations, and conscious only of a lightfully, supremely, perpetually conscious—that my love was returned. It had been arranged that Kate and I should be married in the Spring, immediately upon the expiration of our engagements with Mr. Watson. The company had met with uniform success, and everybody was in high spirits—everybody save Crooked Caleb. He had watched with jealous interest the progress of my suit, and, though I had not told him of its happy issue, I fancied that he construed aright my constant attentions to Miss Dashley, which had become a matter of general comment among the members of the company. My acquaintance with the deformed musician had continued to grow more intimate as the season progressed, and he had unfolded to me, at various times, those scraps of his personal history which I have woven into the opening paragraph of this story. With the single exception of Kate Dashley, Caleb and I talked together freely on all subjects; but the name of the woman whose accepted suitor I was had never been mentioned between us since that first conversation which I have already described. For my own part, I felt a delicacy about introducing a theme which I knew would be unpleasant to him; and perhaps out of regard for me, no less than for his own feelings, Crooked Caleb held his peace.

It so happened, however, that on Christmas-eve I went into Caleb's room before retiring for the night, and sat down, as I often did, to hear him talk or play upon the violin. We were in Cleveland, and were to give an extra matinee performance on the morrow. I had left Kate five minutes before and my lips were still glowing with the kiss she had imprinted upon them. I was in high spirits and laughed at poor Caleb's despondent face turned towards me as I entered the room.

"Cheer up, Caleb," said I, throwing myself into a chair at his side. "This isn't a night for the blues!"

"All nights are alike to me," answered sadly. "How late is it, Mr. Danforth?"

I looked at my watch and told him that it lacked half an hour of midnight.

"And it will be sixteen years to-morrow!" he muttered, resting his face upon his thin hands. "Mr. Danforth, do you ever drink brandy?"

"Very seldom," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

He rose up from his seat, turned the key of the door, and then, going to his overcoat, drew forth from one of the pockets a pint flask.

"This, they tell me, is very excellent liquor. Will you try a little of it?"

He filled a glass half full of the brandy and placed it upon the table.

"I think you will have to excuse me, Caleb," I said. "I shall wake up to-morrow with a headache if I drink that draught."

He raised the tumbler himself, and drained it as though it had been water. I had never seen him taste of intoxicating liquor before, and his strange manner made me a little nervous.

"Are you ill, Caleb?" I asked.

"No, not ill," he replied, resuming his seat and placing the flask upon the table within easy reach. "Not ill, Mr. Danforth, but there's something which I wish to tell you—something which I ought, perhaps, to have told you weeks ago."

I felt instinctively that the something which Crooked Caleb was about to tell me related to Kate Dashley. Why it was I cannot explain, but, looking into the haggard face of the deformed musician, I fancied I read my fate written therein—written in his deep-sunken eyes and on his bloodless lips. My heart, which five minutes before had been beating fast with hope, now weighed in my breast like a thing of lead. I bent forward to listen with terrible eagerness to Caleb's words.

"You love Kate Dashley," he began, speaking with apparent effort, yet distinctly. "You believe, no doubt, that she loves you."

"I do believe it," I said.

Crooked Caleb poured another draught of the brandy into the glass and drank it. Then he resumed:

"It is of Kate Dashley that I wish to speak. Let me tell you a little story. Thirty years ago, a broken-hearted man left his native town in a New England village in New England. Death had taken from him the woman he loved, and ill-fortune had made him not only a beggar, but a cripple for life. This heart-broken man wandered about from city to city, earning his bread by playing the violin in theatres. He had no friends—no one to care whether he lived or died. One day, on the streets of New York, he came across a little girl who, like himself, earned her bread by playing on the fiddle. Like himself too, this little girl was a vagabond, without home or friends. The man's heart went out to her and he took her home to his own humble quarters. His love, which had been so long locked up in his own breast, poured itself out in a great flood on this little wanderer. She was marvelously pretty, quick-witted and intelligent. The man devoted all his leisure time to teaching her what he knew himself, and she was an apt scholar. When she was twelve years old he took her one day to the theatre. The play took such deep hold upon her mind that she begged to become an actress. So the man, finding that his young protégée had many qualifications for the part, resolved to train her for the profession which she yearned to follow. He spent four years in this task, and gave her such advantages as he could afford. Then she made her debut, and her beauty and voice secured for her immediate success. She was sixteen years old at that time, and seemed more like a woman than a girl. The musician's heart was so wrapped up in his treasure that the thought of losing her drove him almost wild. And it was in this wildness of despair that he proposed to make this girl his wife. It was a foolish, an insane idea; but his life had been such a bitter disappointment that he clung to his new love with blind desperation. Out of pity—yes, let us hope that it was at least pity—the girl consented to marriage. A month later she became the wife of the deformed fiddler. She was beautiful, heartless and sixteen; he was poor, a cripple and fifty. The result of such a union could be only misery. In a little time the man discovered that the woman whom he had reared from childhood, for whom he had suffered and battled and toiled, upon whom he had showered his wealth of love, was absolutely without a heart."

Here Crooked Caleb paused long enough to take another draught from the brandy. When he spoke again, his voice was strangely hollow.

"The man, even then, could not turn aside from his idol. Without the form of a divorce he gave her the freedom she so coveted. It was agreed between them that their relations as man and wife were to cease. The fact of their marriage was to remain a buried secret. The woman was henceforth to do as she saw fit; and the man asked only the poor boon of staying by her side where he might watch the bright star, but never dare to approach it. It will be sixteen years ago to-morrow that this wretched old man found the homeless little girl wandering through the streets of New York. It is nearly eight years since he made that girl his wife. The fault, I think, was his rather than hers; and, if it was, God knows that he has paid the penalty! The man—Mr. Danforth—the man of whom I have told you is Crooked Caleb!"

"And the woman?" I asked, as in a dream.

"And the woman is Kate Dashley!"

Perhaps it was the brandy which I drank from the flask—a long, deep draught—which gave me strength to grope my way to my own room. Perhaps, too, it was the brandy which steadied my hand while I wrote a letter to the woman who was my promised wife—a letter, releasing her from her vows, but containing no word of censure. And then, it may have been the desire for more brandy that led me to go forth from that hotel, and pace the streets of the city for many weary hours, until the bells rang out their Christmas chimes, and until the eastern sky flushed with the first faint streaks of dawning day. I did not mark the flight of time, nor feel the cold. To and fro I walked, with burning brain and heart benumbed. And on that Christmas morn I could think of no peace on earth—I could feel no goodwill toward men.

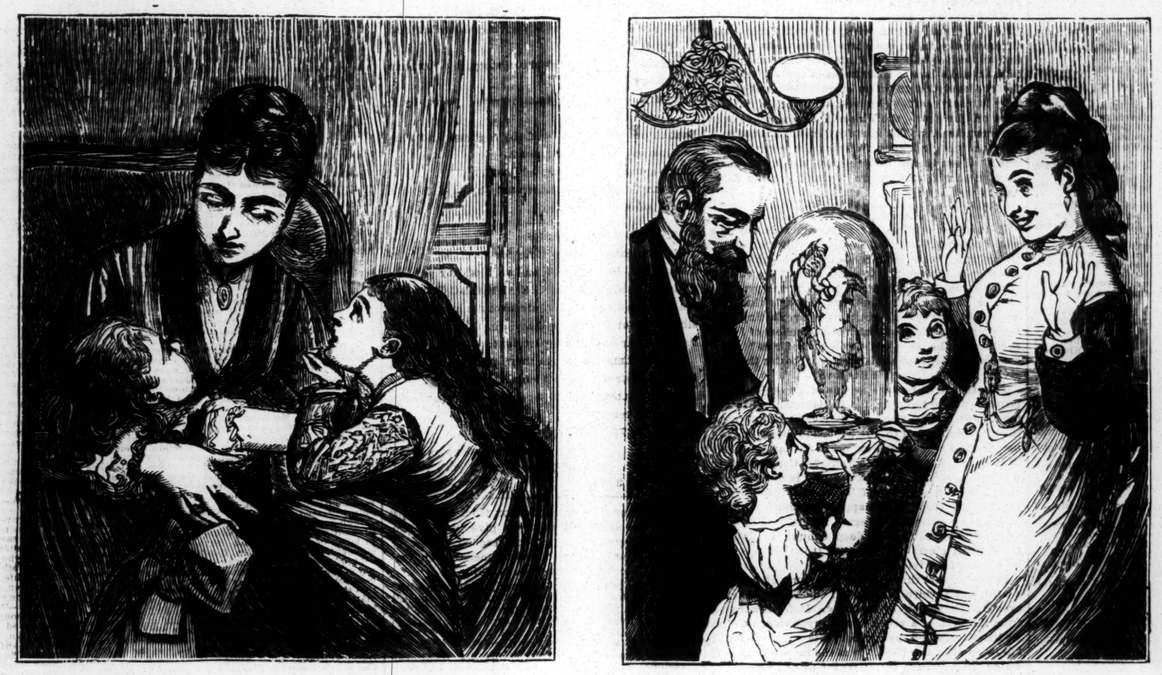
It was broad daylight when I entered again the office of the hotel.

"You are wanted in Number Thirty-nine," said the clerk.

I knew that was Caleb's room, and fancied that he had sent for me. But when I entered Number Thirty-nine I found the members of the company assembled, with a physician and several of the attaches of the hotel, and they were looking with sad faces towards the bed, and speaking in subdued tones. I, too, looked towards the bed. And there, peaceful in death, I saw the face of Crooked Caleb, while the physician bent over the body to examine more closely the bullet-wound in his breast.

"To think that he should have shot himself on Christmas-day!" I heard someone whisper.

And then I knew that Crooked Caleb had taken his own life because of a beautiful creature without a heart!



CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

THE CONFIDENTIAL REVELATION.

[A few days before Christmas mamma receives an important communication from her two little girls.]

FIRST LITTLE GIRL.—We've got a secret for you, but we shan't tell you.
SECOND LITTLE GIRL.—Not till Christmas.
FIRST LITTLE GIRL.—And not then neither, till we've bought it!

THE SECRET OUT.

[The two little girls who were going to give their mamma a Christmas present, have given it. This is what occurred.]

FIRST LITTLE GIRL.—Here's a present! Bought it with our own money!
SECOND LITTLE GIRL.—Yes, I gave papa a new dime out of my own purse for it.
FIRST LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, yes, I dare say! But I gave a new cent!
[The present only cost twenty-five dollars. Papa found the difference.]

CHRISTMAS IN "OLD VIRGINIA."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY HELEN LUQUEER

"No use a-talkin', Pomp. All I kin say just makes no difference. Missus am determined she won't have no Christmas, and no fuss and no fixin' nohow, and that ar big, stuttin' gobbler a-beggin' to be stuffed and roasted."

"Don't wonda, Dinah. How kin she be a feastin' ? Jest she and ole master in this ar big, empty house, and thar only chile, poor young Massa George, a-sleepin' up North thar in his grave. Times is changed, ole woman. You and me and all would be contented to stick by de ole place through thick and thin. Them ar deserted quarters gives Massa Bolton de blues, same as it does dis chile; ebry time he looks dat way."

"Wal, dat's no use a-cryin' fer spilt milk. Haint I seen ebery own chil'en skattered, I'd like tu know ? Some am in der graves, and some de Lor' only knows whar. Ef dey am livin' free, de Lor Almighty be tanked. But we's still on dis arth, and in ole Virginny at dat, and de Lor' he's jest as kind and marcyful as ebber, and ebry libin' creatur' oughter make somethin' ob de day ob His birth."

"Ye's allers right, honey; but ef de heart's as heavy as lead, dar's no use tryin'. I hain't goin' ter argufy de question. If masser and missus 'ud make a big dinner fur all de gentry like dey use'd tu, 'twould seem jest like puttin' posies ober a grave."

"It nebber done me no good fer see posies onter a grave, fer I couldn't help thinkin' ob de worms an' corruption down under 'em."

Old Uncle Pompey knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the bright handirons that held up a blazing backlog in the ample kitchen of the Bolton homestead, and "toted" himself away, knowing the useleasness of an answer.

In another part of the house, through a long, wide hall, and up a fine walnut staircase, upon the sunny side, was the sitting and bedroom of Mrs. Bolton, opening upon a broad verandah, sustained by Corinthian pillars, running from the ground to the roof.

Mrs. Bolton was a woman of about forty-five, with remnants of great beauty. But she was evidently aged before her time, as the silver threads in her dark hair fully attested. She sat beside a petite marble table, upon which glared a coal-oil student lamp, looking like one who had fought fate in place of yielding to its inexorable decrees. Her head rested against the back of a high-cushioned chair, and her thin, white hands were crossed in her lap. She had been weeping bitterly. Old Dinah had forced her to remember what she had struggled hard to forget—that this was Christmas Eve, and that the morrow would be a day of rejoicing and goodcheer the Christian world over.

Since the war, when the slaves were scattered and possessions squandered, her only son marched away to battle, was captured and taken North, and the news of his death in prison months afterwards, there had been closed shutters and deep mourning in the Bolton mansion, which from its isolated position had escaped the ravages of war.

Two years had passed, but the garments of Mrs. Bolton were as black as ever. She had become a faded, dying woman, refusing to be comforted. Her husband was made of sterner stuff. Though gray-haired and with deep lines in his face, he was still hale, hearty and genial, and would remain hospitable in the face of all reverses and sorrows but for his lady wife.

He sat opposite her upon this sad Christmas evening, attempting to read, but she forced memories upon him that would not be quieted until he had laid down even a favorite author, and his fine face was overshadowed and gloomy. In reply to some remark she had made, he answered:

"I am somewhat of Old Dinah's opinion. We are on the earth and in old Virginia, and that is something to be thankful for. If you, my love, only make up your mind to the inevitable, and take an interest in life by making the best of it, you would soon be well and strong again, and, I will not say happy, but cheerful."

"How little, Charles, you know a mother's heart. Alas! mine is buried in the grave of my son," and tears flowed afresh.

Mr. Bolton closed his book with a sigh.

"I think I appreciate your loss since I share it, Elsie," he said; "but a fountain of tears will not restore our son. Yet we have much to be thankful for. Our hearthstone and rooftree are left us. Let us from this hour brighten it as best we can, and cease useless repining."

Wordless and in tears, the lady arose, retired to her bedroom, and that bright Christmas-eve was given to the sorrow that was fast wearing away her life.

Meanwhile old Pomp had knocked the ashes from his pipe simultaneously with a knock upon the door; and, before he could move his stiffened limbs, Dinah had forestalled him, opened the door, and let in a flood of moonlight, a gust of cutting north wind and a stranger—tall, straight and of noble presence, who stood for a moment in the flickering tallow-candle to scan the face of the intruder. The next moment candle and candlestick went down with a crash upon the hearth, her arms around the neck of the stranger, and her turbaned head upon his breast, while she cried out, amid gushing tears:

"Praise de Lor'! De lost am found! De dead am alive! O Pomp! haint ye no eyes? Can't ye see it am Massa George 'n nobody else?" Then she lifted her head, and turned upon her spouse in sudden wrath. "What ye mean, ye wooden head de chile? Dar ye stan' an star like ye seen a ghost an' wid yer ole knees a-knocking together like a couple o' poplar-limbs!"

Stimulated by her reproof, the old man gathered his scattered senses, and, grasping his young master's hand, bedewed it with tears.

"I dun gon clar out of my senses, Massa George," he said, "couldn't bleve my ole eyes. De Lor' lub yer. Run, Dinah, an' bring de massa an missus. Dey'll go clar mad wid joy."

"Hush, chile," answered his wife. "Dos yer want ter kill de missus on de spot? She dun gets palpitation of de heart ebry time Massa George's name am heard."

George Bolton, coming to his home after being as one dead to it so long, and receiving such an over whelming welcome from the lips of his own servants, was unmanned and for a little while speechless. But Dinah placed him in the chair by the fire which Pompey had vacated, talking to him all the time as she had done in his childhood.

"Yer hungry and cold, chile; but dars somethin ter eat in de house; yes, honey, and ole Dinah haint forgot how ter cook."

"I want nothing, Dinah. I have had supper."

"Whar, honey?"

"At the hotel in the village."

"Massa George, did yer dun forgit that yer had a home ob yer own?" exclaimed she in indignant protest.

"No, Dinah. I could never forget that; but I reached the village late, and felt it would not answer to appear too abruptly to my mother. So I stayed until there would be no chance of meeting anyone but you and Pompey. You see I learned all about the affairs here at the village."

"Wal, honey, I muss dun go up and git yer own pretty room in order fer yer to sleep in, an' build up a fire, it am so damp an' cold arter bein' shut up so long."

"Sit down, Dinah. There's time enough for that. I shall go back to the village to sleep to-night. I left my wife there."

"Wife, honey?" exclaimed the good old creature, holding up her hands and rolling her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible. "Angel Gabriel! ef de chile haint dun gon an' bring a Northern wife down heah. An' missus hates 'em worse nor pizen."

"Yer dun guess what ye'd a right tu!" put in old Pomp sympathetically.

"Hole yer tongue!" commanded Dinah. "Much ye know 'bout it. Missus had rather see her boy in de grave, whar she t'inks he am dis blessed moment, den to see him a-bringing a Northern wife down heah."

"I want you to break all this to her as gently as possible," said George Bolton. "But tell my father first. I am certain of his forgiveness."

"How could you do it, honey? An' how could ye let us dun cry our eyes out t'inkin you dead!"

"As you know, I was taken prisoner and sent North. There I became very ill and was placed in a hospital, and after a time given up to die. The war ended and peace was declared. A comrade was about to return home, and received my dying message to my parents. Great tenacity of life and a splendid constitution were in my favor, and at last I recovered, though not until I had left many weeks wavering in the balance. A physic' an of the institution by his kindness and care r sed me; and, taking a fancy to me, he invited me to his own house to pass my convalescence. I can never make you understand, my good Dinah, how very weak I was—how like coming back from death it appeared."

"De good Lor' be praised!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in the most fervent manner.

"Doctor Van Vecten and his wife and daughter tended me with the most loving care. The days drifted past as a dream, and when you had mourned me as dead for months, upon which grief I just began to rouse to have someone write for me. But as it had been neglected so long, I resolved to wait until I was sufficiently strong, and surprise you all by coming home unexpectedly. The doctor was anxious for me to settle North, saying the South was no place for a young man who had been so struggled hard to forget—that this was Christmas Eve, and that the morrow would be a day of rejoicing and goodcheer the Christian world over.

"I want nothing, Dinah. I have had supper."

"Whar, honey?"

"At the hotel in the village."

"Massa George, did yer dun forgit that yer had a home ob yer own?" exclaimed she in indignant protest.

"No, Dinah. I could never forget that; but I reached the village late, and felt it would not answer to appear too abruptly to my mother. So I stayed until there would be no chance of meeting anyone but you and Pompey. You see I learned all about the affairs here at the village."

"Wal, honey, I muss dun go up and git yer own pretty room in order fer yer to sleep in, an' build up a fire, it am so damp an' cold arter bein' shut up so long."

"Sit down, Dinah. There's time enough for that. I shall go back to the village to sleep to-night. I left my wife there."

"Wife, honey?" exclaimed the good old creature, holding up her hands and rolling her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible. "Angel Gabriel! ef de chile haint dun gon an' bring a Northern wife down heah. An' missus hates 'em worse nor pizen."

"Yer dun guess what ye'd a right tu!" put in old Pomp sympathetically.

"Hole yer tongue!" commanded Dinah. "Much ye know 'bout it. Missus had rather see her boy in de grave, whar she t'inks he am dis blessed moment, den to see him a-bringing a Northern wife down heah."

"I want you to break all this to her as gently as possible," said George Bolton. "But tell my father first. I am certain of his forgiveness."

"How could you do it, honey? An' how could ye let us dun cry our eyes out t'inkin you dead!"

"As you know, I was taken prisoner and sent North. There I became very ill and was placed in a hospital, and after a time given up to die. The war ended and peace was declared. A comrade was about to return home, and received my dying message to my parents. Great tenacity of life and a splendid constitution were in my favor, and at last I recovered, though not until I had left many weeks wavering in the balance. A physic' an of the institution by his kindness and care r sed me; and, taking a fancy to me, he invited me to his own house to pass my convalescence. I can never make you understand, my good Dinah, how very weak I was—how like coming back from death it appeared."

"De good Lor' be praised!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in the most fervent manner.

"Doctor Van Vecten and his wife and daughter tended me with the most loving care. The days drifted past as a dream, and when you had mourned me as dead for months, upon which grief I just began to rouse to have someone write for me. But as it had been neglected so long, I resolved to wait until I was sufficiently strong, and surprise you all by coming home unexpectedly. The doctor was anxious for me to settle North, saying the South was no place for a young man who had been so struggled hard to forget—that this was Christmas Eve, and that the morrow would be a day of rejoicing and goodcheer the Christian world over.

Since the war, when the slaves were scattered and possessions squandered, her only son marched away to battle, was captured and taken North, and the news of his death in prison months afterwards, there had been closed shutters and deep mourning in the Bolton mansion, which from its isolated position had escaped the ravages of war.

Two years had passed, but the garments of Mrs. Bolton were as black as ever. She had become a faded, dying woman, refusing to be comforted. Her husband was made of sterner stuff. Though gray-haired and with deep lines in his face, he was still hale, hearty and genial, and would remain hospitable in the face of all reverses and sorrows but for his lady wife.

He sat opposite her upon this sad Christmas evening, attempting to read, but she forced memories upon him that would not be quieted until he had laid down even a favorite author, and his fine face was overshadowed and gloomy. In reply to some remark she had made, he answered:

"I am somewhat of Old Dinah's opinion. We are on the earth and in old Virginia, and that is something to be thankful for. If you, my love, only make up your mind to the inevitable, and take an interest in life by making the best of it, you would soon be well and strong again, and, I will not say happy, but cheerful."

"How little, Charles, you know a mother's heart. Alas! mine is buried in the grave of my son," and tears flowed afresh.

Mr. Bolton closed his book with a sigh.

"I think I appreciate your loss since I share it, Elsie," he said; "but a fountain of tears will not restore our son. Yet we have much to be thankful for. Our hearthstone and rooftree are left us. Let us from this hour brighten it as best we can, and cease useless repining."

Wordless and in tears, the lady arose, retired to her bedroom, and that bright Christmas-eve was given to the sorrow that was fast wearing away her life.

Meanwhile old Pomp had knocked the ashes from his pipe simultaneously with a knock upon the door; and, before he could move his stiffened limbs, Dinah had forestalled him, opened the door, and let in a flood of moonlight, a gust of cutting north wind and a stranger—tall, straight and of noble presence, who stood for a moment in the flickering tallow-candle to scan the face of the intruder. The next moment candle and candlestick went down with a crash upon the hearth, her arms around the neck of the stranger, and her turbaned head upon his breast, while she cried out, amid gushing tears:

"Praise de Lor'! De lost am found! De dead am alive! O Pomp! haint ye no eyes? Can't ye see it am Massa George 'n nobody else?" Then she lifted her head, and turned upon her spouse in sudden wrath. "What ye mean, ye wooden head de chile? Dar ye stan' an star like ye seen a ghost an' wid yer ole knees a-knocking together like a couple o' poplar-limbs!"

Stimulated by her reproof, the old man gathered his scattered senses, and, grasping his young master's hand, bedewed it with tears.

"I dun gon clar out of my senses, Massa George," he said, "couldn't bleve my ole eyes. De Lor' lub yer. Run, Dinah, an' bring de massa an missus. Dey'll go clar mad wid joy."

"Hush, chile," answered his wife. "Dos yer want ter kill de missus on de spot? She dun gets palpitation of de heart ebry time Massa George's name am heard."

George Bolton, coming to his home after being as one dead to it so long, and receiving such an over whelming welcome from the lips of his own servants, was unmanned and for a little while speechless. But Dinah placed him in the chair by the fire which Pompey had vacated, talking to him all the time as she had done in his childhood.

"Yer hungry and cold, chile; but dars somethin ter eat in de house; yes, honey, and ole Dinah haint forgot how ter cook."

"I want nothing, Dinah. I have had supper."

"Whar, honey?"

"At the hotel in the village."

"Massa George, did yer dun forgit that yer had a home ob yer own?" exclaimed she in indignant protest.

"No, Dinah. I could never forget that; but I reached the village late, and felt it would not answer to appear too abruptly to my mother. So I stayed until there would be no chance of meeting anyone but you and Pompey. You see I learned all about the affairs here at the village."

"Wal, honey, I muss dun go up and git yer own pretty room in order fer yer to sleep in, an' build up a fire, it am so damp an' cold arter bein' shut up so long."

"Sit down, Dinah. There's time enough for that. I shall go back to the village to sleep to-night. I left my wife there."

"Wife, honey?" exclaimed the good old creature, holding up her hands and rolling her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible. "Angel Gabriel! ef de chile haint dun gon an' bring a Northern wife down heah. An' missus hates 'em worse nor pizen."

"Yer dun guess what ye'd a right tu!" put in old Pomp sympathetically.

"Hole yer tongue!" commanded Dinah. "Much ye know 'bout it. Missus had rather see her boy in de grave, whar she t'inks he am dis blessed moment, den to see him a-bringing a Northern wife down heah."

"I want you to break all this to her as gently as possible," said George Bolton. "But tell my father first. I am certain of his forgiveness."

"How could you do it, honey? An' how could ye let us dun cry our eyes out t'inkin you dead!"

"As you know, I was taken prisoner and sent North. There I became very ill and was placed in a hospital, and after a time given up to die. The war ended and peace was declared. A comrade was about to return home, and received my dying message to my parents. Great tenacity of life and a splendid constitution were in my favor, and at last I recovered, though not until I had left many weeks wavering in the balance. A physic' an of the institution by his kindness and care r sed me; and, taking a fancy to me, he invited me to his own house to pass my convalescence. I can never make you understand, my good Dinah, how very weak I was—how like coming back from death it appeared."

"De good Lor' be praised!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in the most fervent manner.

"Doctor Van Vecten and his wife and daughter tended me with the most loving care. The days drifted past as a dream, and when you had mourned me as dead for months, upon which grief I just began to rouse to have someone write for me. But as it had been neglected so long, I resolved to wait until I was sufficiently strong, and surprise you all by coming home unexpectedly. The doctor was anxious for me to settle North, saying the South was no place for a young man who had been so struggled hard to forget—that this was Christmas Eve, and that the morrow would be a day of rejoicing and goodcheer the Christian world over.

Since the war, when the slaves were scattered and possessions squandered, her only son marched away to battle, was captured and taken North, and the news of his death in prison months afterwards, there had been closed shutters and deep mourning in the Bolton mansion, which from its isolated position had escaped the ravages of war.

Two years had passed, but the garments of Mrs. Bolton were as black as ever. She had become a faded, dying woman, refusing to be comforted. Her husband was made of sterner stuff. Though gray-haired and with deep lines in his face, he was still hale, hearty and genial, and would remain hospitable in the face of all reverses and sorrows but for his lady wife.

He sat opposite her upon this sad Christmas evening, attempting to read, but she forced memories upon him that would not be quieted until he had laid down even a favorite author, and his fine face was overshadowed and gloomy. In reply to some remark she had made, he answered:

"I am somew

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through the department; no answers by mail.

NO SIGNATURE, Detroit.—"1. M. B. B., Chicago.—Is playing matches. If I assist my partner, can my partner play it alone? *Answer.*—Yes. 2. W. S. R., New York.—A, B, C and D are playing a game of euchre: A deals; it is B's lead and D are playing a game of euchre: A deals; it is B's lead and D are playing a game of euchre: A deals; it is B's lead

BASEBALL.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION AND ITS WORK.

Among the objects sought to be attained by the League Association, as stated in the second article of their constitution, are the following: "To make baseball playing honorable and respectable," and *"To protect and promote the mutual interests of professional baseball clubs and professional baseball players."* In "the circular to the public," which the League issued at their recent convention in Cleveland, they state that:

For several years past, however, various evils had crept into the management and exposition of the game under the different systems that had been devised for its government. With the game and the evils the public are alike familiar, and the elevation of the one and extirpation of the other were the cardinal objects for which this League was formed a year ago, and for the accomplishment of which objects the League pledged its faith to the public.

Furthermore in this circular they say:

We hereby pledge ourselves to the public, individually and collectively, that upon the production of such evidence in regard to any player, belonging to either of our respective clubs, in any game played during the last season, or that shall be played during the coming year, such player shall be instantly expelled from service and membership, and shall be forever debarred from playing in a League club. We not only proffer this pledge to the public, but we *earnestly request* their co-operation in this matter, both to the end that they may be satisfied of our determination to purify the game, and to vindicate honorable clubs and players who are justly sensitive under unfounded accusations of fraud.

Lastly, in reference to making the League Association an organization including every reputable professional club in the country, which it should do, they say that the mutual interests of both classes —viz., stock company and co-operative clubs—are best subserved by independent organization.

Let us see how far the legislation of the League at their late convention accords with the articles of their constitution, with their circular avowing the policy they aim to carry out, and with the rules they have adopted to "promote the interests of the professional class." At the meeting of the Board of Directors on Dec. 6 there were present Messrs. Apollonio, Fowle and Chase of the elected Board, Messrs. Bulkeley and Cammeyer being absent. In the place of the former—the president of the Board and of the Association—Mr. Ferguson appeared as the club representative, and he was permitted to vote as a member of the Board. The vote, therefore, stood at two to two as regards East vs. West, Messrs. Ferguson and Apollonio representing the Eastern clubs and Messrs. Fowle and Chase the Western. The first paper read by this Board was a formal citation, emanating from the four Western clubs of the League, against the Atlantic and Mutual Clubs, charging them, not with fraudulent play, and, in fact, not with any violation of the League rules affecting the morality question of the objects aimed at by the League, but simply charging them with a failure to complete the series of games comprising each club's quota of the championship contests of the season. In reply to this charge the Athletic Club presented a document, in which they set forth in well-written terms the reason why they were unable to carry out their appointed programme, the pith of their statement being as follows:

The past season has been for our club a terribly disastrous one, financially, as is well known. Several circumstances, wholly beyond our control, conspired to cause this result, conspicuous among which were: First, the much greater attraction of the Centennial Exposition, which absorbed the whole attention of the public in Philadelphia during the past Summer, and, second, the unfortunate and unavoidable disabling by disease and injuries of several of our most important players, so that it is a matter of public record that the Athletic nine did not play a single game during the season with every man in his position. In spite of these unavoidable calamities, however, the Athletic Club would have struggled on and played every game, had it not in the Spring assumed and paid an old debt of some $5,500. This it did from the sense of honor that had always marked its transactions, believing that its creditors should be paid, and not for a moment thinking that such action would, at a later date, put the club in a position of great embarrassment.

Accompanying the charges and the defense there was also a letter from Philadelphia signed by G. W. Bradley, Adrian C. Anson, and Joseph V. Battin, in which was set forth certain facts in connection with their having signed contracts to play with the Athletic Club. The bearing of this letter on the action taken by the Board in inflicting the penalty of expulsion upon the Athletic Club will be seen when it is known that these players had before agreed to play with the Chicago and St. Louis Clubs provided they could get released from their obligations with the Athletics. Another document presented to the Board for action was a request from the St. Louis Club to have the two games due that club from each of the Athletic and Mutual Clubs declared forfeited, by which the St. Louis Club would secure second position. Unluckily for the St. Louis gentlemen there was an important hitch in the way, and that was that, if the Board declared these games forfeited, the two clubs in question must necessarily escape expulsion, and in such case they could hold their engaged players to their contracts. The matter having been duly discussed, the result was a vote of the Board, recommending the expulsion of the Athletic and Mutual Clubs, for one was just as amenable to the penalty under the ruling of the Board as the other.

In regard to the award of the championship, the Board decided the question by the statistical exhibit sent in by their Secretary, Mr. Young, the figures being the same as appeared in the closing record of the season published in THE CLIPPER, Chicago being first on the list, Hartford second and St. Louis third. It will be seen that the Board in the case of Bradley, Anson and Battin had "protected" those players, as they asked to be, by the expulsion of the Athletics. But in the case of another demand for "protection" made by Devlin of the Louisville Club, asking that his contract be annulled with that club, owing to their alleged failure to fulfill their agreement, with him, the effect of a letter from the Louisville Club claiming the right to "discipline their men as they chose" led to a decision practically denying Devlin the same degree of protection accorded to Bradley and Anson, he being allowed to withdraw his complaint. In the case of the complaint presented by Ferguson against Bond, in which the former sought for "protection" against false charges made by Bond, he, too, was denied the protection solicited, the Board deciding, after arguing the question of the charges, and Bond's reply, "that they had no jurisdiction." After some business of minor importance, the Board of Directors adjourned.

THE CONVENTION WORK.

It will be seen from the above facts relating to the action taken by the Board of Directors that they inflicted as great a penalty on the Athletic and Mutual Clubs for their failure to play less than a tenth part of the games they were required to complete as they could possibly have done had both clubs been guilty of the grossest acts of fraud. Now we will see what the convention proper did in endorsing the action of the Board of Directors. The convention organized with Mr. Apollonio in the chair in the absence of Mr. Bulkeley. The Associate President, no vice-president, was obliged to elect a temporary chairman in the place of the absent president. The first business taken up was the report of the Board of Directors. The discussion on the question of the expulsion of the two clubs as advised by the Board was the principal business of the day's session, and it took up so much time that the convention had to finish its work of amending the constitution and rules on the day following. The question was argued on behalf of the Athletic Club by Mr. Thompson—no one appeared for the Mutuals, Mr. Cammeyer not caring to join the League this year—Mr. A. G. Mills of the Chicago Club, formerly connected with the Olympics of Washington, taking the Western side of the question. He is a fluent speaker and a practiced debater, and Mr. Thompson found him a foopowerful an adversary to cope with. The result of the discussion was the adoption of the report of the Board expelling the two clubs by the vote of Messrs. Apollonio, Chase, Hulbert, Keck, Fowle and Ferguson, the vote being unanimous. Besides these delegates, there were present in the room Messrs. A. G. Mills, Harry Wright, A. G. Mills, G. W. Thompson, C. W. Johnstone and Lewis Meacham, the latter of *The Chicago Tribune.*

After this report had been disposed of, amendments to the constitution came up in order, and in the article concerning membership provision was made for the admission of new clubs at any time prior to the commencement of the championship season. By this rule clubs desiring admission to the League must make application to the League secretary—N. E. Young, Treasury Department, Washington—who will submit it to the League Clubs, who will vote on the question by correspondence. Clubs thus applying, however, must show themselves to be stock-company organizations, having a sufficient capital employed to insure their carrying out the appointed programme of club games, and possessing a regularly engaged team strong enough to cope with the League organizations, for all others would be thrown out by a majority vote, without doubt. Practically, therefore, the League in this respect simply carry out the policy as shown in their circular, wherein they commend the general class of professional clubs to join an independent organization.

The article bearing upon disputes between clubs and players and complaints of misconduct was amended so as to admit of an immediate trial of the culprit players by the Board. In reference to the duration of contracts between clubs and players, the law was changed so as to annul all contracts the moment a club disbands. The number of games to be played for the championship will be decided by the number of clubs enrolled in the Association up to March 15. If the number is then limited to the six now in the League—which it is very likely to be—then the number of games to be played will be twelve by each club. If the number should be seven or eight, then the quota will be ten; and if ten clubs enter, the quota will be eight; and so on, according to the increase of membership. No games are to be forfeited except under the regular playing code. Therefore, if a club cannot play its quota all the games played are to be thrown out.

THE NEW RULES OF PLAY.

The amendments made to the playing rules involve no important changes in the fundamental laws of the game. Below will be found the principal changes made in the various sections.

RULE FIRST.—The ball to be played with by the League clubs during 1877 remains of the same weight and dimensions as before, viz., 5¼ oz. in weight and 9¼in. in circumference, and composed of woolen yarn, covering an ounce-ball of hard rubber, and the whole covered with leather. The ball known last season as "Mahn's dead ball," having the ounce of rubber in it, was adopted as the League ball. The use of it is prohibited from using any ball in a match game except it be furnished by the secretary.

THE BASES.—The bases—all except the home-base—have been enlarged so as to cover a space equal to fifteen inches square of surface. Previously, they were one foot square. The home-base is now to be placed so as to make its two outer sides run from which converge to the point of the home-base corner. In other words, the base is now placed within the diamond—instead of outside as last season. An amendment was made to the rule applicable to the laying-down of foul-ball lines, etc., requiring lines to be drawn as boundaries for the players on the batting side, within which they are debarred from standing. This is to carry out the prohibitory clause in reference to players on the batting side standing within fifteen feet of the foul-ball lines.

RULE SECOND.—In this rule an amendment was made prohibiting the introduction of a substitute for a player in the nine after the close of the *second* inning, unless, of course, in cases of illness or injury, when the injured player can be replaced by another in any inning of a game. In the place of the five-minutes clause in regard to rain, it was decided that the game should finally end after rain had fallen half an hour.

RULE THIRD.—Sections two and three of this rule were stricken out, and the express prohibition which they contained relative to any player's being in any way concerned in any pool or bet on a match was replaced by the following section: "Any player who shall conspire with any person against the interest of his club, or by any conduct manifest a disposition to obstruct the management of his club, may be expelled. The club"—says the section—"is entitled to the best services of the player; and if any player becomes indifferent or careless in his play, *or from any cause becomes unable to render services satisfactory to his club, it may, at its option, refuse to pay salary for such time, or may cancel the contract of such player.*"

The application of this rule is as follows: Borden was engaged as pitcher of the Boston Club for two years, on the basis of a mistaken idea as to his effective play in his position. The question hitherto has been how to get rid of him, he not now being regarded as available. He will not do anything which can make him amenable to expulsion under previous rules, and therefore he still has to be paid; but under this new reading he can easily be disposed of. In fact, no player now in the League can consider his position as safe under the interpretation the letter of this rule admits of. If his pitching, catching or base-playing is not up to the standard expected, his contract can at once be annulled under the clause of "his services not being satisfactory to his club." This rule will equally apply to captains as well as to players.

There is one effect of this new rule, however, which should be beneficial—it ought to put every player in the nine on the *qui vive* to do his level best to win. There is not likely to be any shirking of one's duty in his position—any "kicking" against the commands of the captain, or any other of the many objectionable ways indulged in by League players last season—when it is known that under this new rule any such "unsatisfactory service" will result in the player's prompt forfeiture of pay, if not in his immediate expulsion; and, by another rule which has been adopted, expulsion means his being prohibited from joining any other League club.

The best work done by the Convention was the decidedly severe blow which they gave to revolving by the adoption of the amendment to the rule governing contracts. It was unanimously resolved by the Convention that no League club, *after March 15, 1877*, should be allowed to enter into contract with any player whose services any other club—*in or out of the League!*—should be entitled to by written contract. Neither can any player in any "outside" professional club be engaged for a League team after March 15, if said player is bound to the said club by any written or otherwise legal contract. All contracts become null and void the moment a club ceases to belong to the League.

RULE FOURTH.—The pitching department was not materially interfered with, and therefore the ball can still be delivered either by the slow or swift *toss*—the really and only "square" pitch—by a *jerk*, or by an *underhand throw*, the rule governing the delivery requiring the hand holding the ball to pass below the line of the *belt*. If it pass on the line of the belt it is a foul balk. It must pass *below* that line.

RULE FIFTH.—A good amendment was made to the rule defining high and low balls. Hitherto "waist-high" has been a rather indefinite term. Now the player's *belt* has been made the boundary-line, and "below the belt" will come into play in baseball as in the pugilistic circle. In other words, a low ball is now defined as one below the line of the "belt," and not lower than the knee of the player; while a high ball is one ranging from above the belt to the shoulder. A really waist-high ball is now a low ball.

The batsman's position has been practically restored to its old place. It is still six feet square, but the line of the home-base now runs through its centre, and this gives the batsman the privilege of standing three feet in front of the line or three feet back of it, as he did when he had to stand astride the line of the base in 1873. The batsman is now given out if he makes a strike at the ball with a view of balking the catcher. The rule is worded in such a way, however, as to leave it too much to the option of the umpire as to the intention of the batter.

RULE SIXTH.—Concerning running to bases, two amendments were made which ought to work well. One is that of obliging the base-runner from home to first base to keep within the line of the base. If he runs in towards the infield before touching first base, he is to be declared out. This is to prevent the trick of running in front of the base-player, to balk the latter in fielding the ball thrown to him. Of course it cannot apply to the other bases, as it is impossible to keep within the lines in running round. But it will apply in the case of running to base when the runner has to stop. There is only a change in Rule 6 which will conflict with the rule of "running out of the line of the bases," and that is that amendment which admits of a base-runner's "going behind a fielder and out of the line to avoid hitting said fielder when the latter is in the act of fielding the ball." In trying to avoid the obstruction, they have allowed the base-runner a chance to avoid being touched, which the rule prohibiting his running beyond the line of the bases to avoid the ball was intended to prevent.

The rule intended to nullify the effect of fair-foul hits, recently referred to, was adopted; but Harry Wright's effort to repeal the foul-bound-catch rule failed, owing to Ferguson's objection. The only fair-fouls which can now be struck are those which are the result of the style of hitting known as "knocked balls," viz., balls which the batsman allows simply to hit the bat—not being struck at—and which fall comparatively dead at his feet and on fair ground. Of course this is only available when the catcher is standing at full distance behind the bat, they being useless when he is doing close work there. The new rules make every ball which first strikes the ground back of the home-base and goes into the infield a fair ball, and every ball which first strikes the ground in front of the home-base, but which goes to foul-ground before passing in front of the first or third bases, as foul balls.

The rule which decides a base-runner out who knocks the ball out of the hand of a base-player while in the act of running to a base was struck out; and now a ball must be held by the base-player, or the runner is not out. This will make it a point of play on the part of the base-runner to do all he can to make the base-player fail in holding the ball. Another amendment bears rather unfairly on the base-runner. In case a base-runner be touched by a batted ball while running from base to base, the runner is to be at once decided out. He may have done his best to avoid the ball, and it may be a ball which could not have been fielded in time to put the batsman out; nevertheless, if it touch the unlucky runner he is to be given out.

The selection of umpires occasioned a lively discussion. The proposed plan of employing regular salaried officials for the position did not meet with general favor, owing to the large outlay involved—as great, in fact, as the extra men in the fen-men system. It was, therefore, thrown aside, and, in place of the rule of last year, the following simple and effective plan was adopted, viz., to select three men in each League-club city who shall be eligible to act as umpires—say, for instance, Daniels, Seward and another in Hartford—and three others in each of the other cities, and one of these three shall be chosen by lot to act in each game in said city. Messrs. Hurlbert and Wright were appointed a committee to select the men, and they will receive all the names sent in by each club, and decide which shall be assigned to each League club city. The last amendments considered were those referring to a League code for scoring, to which we shall refer in our next issue.

OFFICERS.—After closing the consideration of the rules, the League proceeded to select a Board by drawing from a hat in which were cards with the names of all the clubs. The names came out in the following order: Boston, Louisville, Hartford, Chicago, St. Louis. The members of the Board will probably be Messrs. Porter, Chase, Bulkeley, Hulbert and Fowle. The first-named will, it is expected, succeed Mr. Apollonio in the Boston Club. After the directors had been selected, Mr. Apollonio was nominated by Mr. Hulbert of Chicago, seconded, and heartily approved for president, but declined the honor, saying that it was doubtful whether he would be connected with the Boston Club for another year. Mr. Hulbert of the Chicago Club was then unanimously elected president. Mr. Young was re-elected secretary, with an increased salary, and a highly complimentary resolution passed to his credit. A resolution leaving the publication of the Association code of rules in the hands of the secretary was then adopted.

GATE-MONEY.—Among the most important acts of the session was the adoption of a formal agreement, signed by the clubs, the main features being that each club should use a self-registering apparatus, connected with a turnstile, to indicate exactly how many persons go into each ground for each game. For every person who enters the ground, except players, policemen in uniform, and ten other persons, the visiting club shall receive fifteen cents. In the same agreement is a clause notifying players that they will be charged $30 each for uniforms, and that 50 cents will be deducted from their salaries for each day they are absent on tours.

After expressing its satisfaction with the treatment received from Cleveland, the League adjourned to the same city, to meet in December, 1877.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Devlin, the pitcher of the Louisville nine of 1876, received a salary of $1,900 for his eight months' service, all of which was duly paid him. He has signed to play with the same club for 1877, and he has been paid an advance on the ensuing year's salary. He asked for his release on the ground of his not having received a further advance exactly at the time appointed. No club-managers in the League have dealt more liberally or honorably with their players than those of the Louisville Club. Those who have written the history of the Louisville offers have been Snyder, Ryan, Hague, Gerhardt, Chapman and Devlin. The player who gets $1,000 for the seven months of actual service he is called upon to perform in a club this season is a lucky man. There are now ten applicants for every single position. Manager Chapman recently advertised in THE CLIPPER for some players, and in one week he received fifty-six applications from parties located in every ball-playing section of the country.....Captain Ferguson is negotiating with the proprietors of the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, with a view of making that field the headquarters of the reorganized Atlantics for 1877, the proprietor of the Union Grounds having demanded too large a percentage of receipts. Should the new League team—now the Hartfords—be located at the Capitoline Grounds, no League club will play any more on the Union Grounds, the five-mile clause of the League rules still being retained. .....The movement in favor of the organization of the International Professional Baseball Association has received quite an impetus by the action of the League convention. A preliminary meeting of clubs in favor of the proposed organization is to be held shortly in Philadelphia. That is the proper place for the convention of all the "outside" professional clubs .....George Wright has written to Messrs. Weed & Decker, offering to bring on a skating team, under his captaincy, to play any New York or Brooklyn ten a match game of baseball on the ice at the Capitoline Lake. Such a contest should draw a large crowd and be an interesting event.....THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1877 will contain a full review of the season's play of 1876, together with a statistical record of all the best games played, and the scores of the model contests of each class for the season.....Higham has been released from his contract with the Hartford Club. He is now in business in that city, and in a good position.....West of the Chelseas has been engaged to play second base for the Bostons. He is a first-class fielder and base-runner, and an intelligent and reliable player.....Nichols of the Mutuals is talked of as short-stop for the Louisvilles..... Terms for playing now range from five to eight hundred for "fair to middling material," and from nine to twelve hundred for "prime stock." The highest salary in the market will not exceed two thousand dollars, even for "fancy goods."..... Harry Wright will run the Boston nine of 1877, Ferguson the Hartford, Spalding the Chicago, and Chapman the Louisville. Who will manage the other two is not yet known .....Philadelphia is justly incensed at the treatment of their pet club—the Athletics—by the League. There is apparently a poetic justice in the fact that the same punishment meted out to the Philadelphia Club last March should be given the Athletics in December.....The Philadelphia Club, under new auspices, is to be reorganized in February next. With a strong regular Philadelphia nine in the field, with no outsiders, they might prove paying rivals to the Athletics. They would have two strong nines in Philadelphia, with its thousands of baseball patrons..... The League delegates resolved to charge ladies for admission to their games next season. Hitherto they have been free, and they should be welcome "deadheads" on the ball-field everywhere. .....Now has Hicks Hayhurst a glorious opportunity to do splendid work for the old club. Let him reorganize a regular Athletic team, with Dick McBride as the nucleus.....Among the players at present disengaged from League nines are Craver, Treacy and Booth of the Mutuals; Allison, Higham and Mills of the Hartfords; Fisler, Eggler, Meyerle, Coons, Knight, Malone and Zettlein of the Athletics; Fulmer, Carbine, Somerville, Hastings and Allison of the Louisvilles; Addy, Bielaski and Andrus of the Chicagos; Fisher, Pearson, Clack and Sweazy of the Cincinnatis; Pearce and Cuthbert of St. Louis; and McGinley, Burden, Bradley and Whitney of the Bostons.....The Indianapolis Baseball Club is about to rent one of the largest rooms in the city, and put up a good gymnasium, with reading-room attachment. The boys will go into training after the holidays. The club will take a trip to Memphis, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston and Dallas. The Louisville Club may possibly accompany them. Nolan is to be their pitcher. The grounds next season will rank with the finest in the country. A new ladies' stand and clubhouse will be among the improvements.

THE GAME AMONG THE ORIENTALS.

One of THE CLIPPER's friends who is now sojourning in Japan advises us in the subjoined letter of the doings of baseball men in the Mikado's domains:

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, NOV. 14, 1876.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Thinking that a short account of the progress of baseball in Japan might interest your readers, I send you the scores of a few games played on Tokio Ground, Saturday afternoon. I have been trying to get up a baseball club, but without success, and it was not until just before the arrival of the United States flagship Tennessee that we were able to excite any interest in the game. However, I am happy to state that, after beating the navy, ball-fever seized on the largest part of the American community, and now we have in Yokohama a club with over forty members, and in Tokio, the capital, they have one with over thirty. Of course the largest part of us, when in command, had not had any practice for a few years; but, although the scores of the matches which I send are all large, I think that we could pick a nine out of the two clubs that would play a good game for amateurs. The first game was played early in the Summer, before either of the clubs was formed, against the Japanese students of the Imperial College at Tokio, and was the poorest of the series, as we were unable to get together a nine of men who were able to play. The Japanese take a great deal of interest in the game, and, as they are very quick and generally good runners, they will make fine players with some instruction. Below is the score, the game being called at the end of the seventh inning, to allow some of the visitors to catch the train for Yokohama.

YOKOHAMA.	R.	O.	TOKIO.	R.	O.
Mudgett, 2d b.....	5	3	Ishido, 1st b.....	2	2
F. Lacey, s. s.....	4	2	Nomoto, 1. f.....	2	3
Wilson, l. f.....	2	1	Hwogama, s. s.....	2	2
Denison, c.....	7	1	Kusahorra, c. f.....	1	2
Churchill, 1st b.....	6	0	Tarukami, r. f.....	1	2
O. Lacey, 3d b.....	3	2	Motsyama, 3d b.....	2	2
Hepburn, p.....	3	4	Awokie, c.....	1	2
Stevens, r. f.....	3	3	Kuni, p. [crack....	0	3
			Sasaki, 2d b.....	0	3
Totals.....	34	21	Totals.....	11	21

Foreigners.....	5	1	0	2	0	12	7—34
Japanese.....	0	1	6	0	0	1	3—11

Umpire, Mr. Van Buren.

The next game was played on the grounds of the Yokohama Club, Sept. 2, between a nine picked from the officers of the U. S. men-of-war Tennessee, Kearsarge and Yantic, against Yokohama and Tokio. The day was a beautiful one, and the game was witnessed by about two hundred Europeans and four or five hundred Japanese. The band of the Tennessee played during the afternoon, and the ladies' pavilion was gay decorated flags. Mr. Van Buren was not able to play, but acted as umpire. Below is the score:

YOKO. AND TOKIO.	R.	O.	FLEET.	R.	O.
Mudgett, 2d b.....	3	3	Reamey, c.....	4	3
Stevens, l. f.....	4	4	Hodgson, 1st b.....	5	3
Elliot, s. s.....	3	3	Spicer, l. f.....	3	3
Denison, c.....	3	4	Jacoby, 2d b.....	2	5
F. Lacey, c. f.....	5	3	Augur, 3d b.....	4	1
Hall, 3d b.....	5	0	Rollins, s. l.....	3	2
Hepburn, p.....	1	3	Morrix, s. s.....	3	2
O. Lacey, r. f.....	3	3	Winslow, s. s.....	2	1
Churchill, 1st b.....	1	6	Usher, r. f.....	1	5
Totals.....	29	30	Totals.....	26	30

Yoko. and Tokio..	3	0	11	1	0	2	1	3	4	4—29
Fleet.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	1—26

Umpire, Mr. Van Buren.

After the formation of the clubs, a series of the best two games out of three was played between Tokio and Yokohama, resulting in favor of the former. The first game was played in Tokio Oct. 14:

YOKOHAMA.	R.	O.	TOKIO.	R.	O.
Van Buren, 3d b.....	4	0	F. Lacey, s. s.....	3	3
Hall, s. s.....	2	3	O. Lacey, 3d b.....	5	0
Denison, 1st b.....	4	1	Strange, l. f.....	3	3
Morse, r. f.....	1	4	Mudgett, c.....	6	1
Hepburn, p.....	1	4	Lagden, 1st b.....	4	1
Merriman, c.....	3	2	Stevens, 2d b.....	2	3
Doyle, c. f.....	1	3	Davids, c. f.....	3	4
Churchill, 2d b.....	2	2	Elliot, p.....	3	1
Rice, l. f.....	1	2	Maclay, r. f.....	1	4
Totals.....	19	21	Totals.....	27	19

Yokohama.....	2	6	3	1	0	5	2—19
Tokio.....	4	5	11	0	2	1	4—27

Umpire, Mr. Scott.

This game was called to allow some of the men to catch the train for Yokohama.

The second game was played in Yokohama Oct. 21.

YOKOHAMA.	R.	O.	TOKIO.	R.	O.
Van Buren, p.....	4	1	F. Lacey, s. s.....	4	2
Hall, s. s.....	2	3	O. Lacey, 2d b.....	2	4
Churchill, 2d b.....	2	1	Maclay, r. f.....	1	6
Hepburn, 3d b.....	3	2	Mudgett, c.....	1	3
Morse, r. f.....	0	3	Wilson, c. f.....	1	3
Denison, 1st b.....	2	2	Elliot, 3d b.....	3	2
Tripler, l. f.....	0	4	Davids, 3d b.....	3	3
Merriman, 1st b.....	0	5	Lagden, 1st b.....	3	2
Wilson, c. [crack....	0	3	Strange, l. f.....	3	2
Totals.....	13	27	Totals.....	23	27

Yokohama.....	1	0	1	0	5	3	0	2	1—13
Tokio.....	3	3	2	5	0	0	3	6	2—23

Umpire, Mr. Robinson.

The third game was played Oct. 28 between Yokohama and officers of the U. S. S Yantic against Tokio, which resulted in the defeat of the latter. The game was called at the end of the eighth inning on account of darkness.

YOKO. AND YANTIC.	R.	O.	TOKIO.	R.	O.
Van Buren, 3d b.....	6	0	F. Lacey, s. s.....	2	3
Hepburn, p.....	2	3	O. Lacey, 2d b.....	1	2
Gravitt, l. f.....	2	4	Stevens, c. f.....	1	4
Denison, 1st b.....	4	3	Maclay, r. f.....	2	3
Hall, s. s.....	3	2	Mudgett, c.....	2	3
Robinson, c. f.....	1	2	Elliot, p.....	2	2
Jacoby, 2d b.....	1	2	Strange, l. f.....	1	3
Hall, s. s.....	2	2	Davids, 3d b.....	1	3
Churchill, r. f.....	3	3	Lagden, 1st b.....	1	3
Totals.....	24	24	Totals.....	12	24

Yoko and Yantic..	3	11	1	1	2	3	2	1—24
Tokio.....	1	1	0	0	0	2	7	1—12

Umpire, Mr. Sears.

This was the last game of the season; but it is expected that next year there will be a large number of contests, and perhaps a series may be arranged with the Shanghae Club. Yours truly, AN EXILE IN THE FAR EAST.

THE DEFIANCE CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.—E. J. Devlin, secretary of this club, who claim to be the amateur champions of the Quaker City, writes as follows in support of such claim: "During the season we have played thirty-two games, and but five of them were with professional clubs. Among the clubs they defeated are the Quicksteps of Wilmington, Del., Brandywine of West Chester, Pa., Eurekas of Camden, N. J., Liberty of Manayunk, and all clubs in this city, including the professional Athletic, the Kleinz, Campbell, Mutual, Keystone, Archer, Arctic, Excelsior, Quaker City, Yearsley, Pine and Reliance. The Philadelphias disbanded before the season was half over, and the Kleinz would not play a return game with us."

BALTIC OF ST. LOUIS.—The directors of the newly-organized Baltic Club of St. Louis, Mo., met at Phœnix Hall Dec. 12, when, a correspondent informs us, six of the nine were selected as follows: H. Wilson, J. H. Mills and S. T. Bodine, fielders; W. W. Burk,* short-stop; Mayne of Bloomington, Ill., third base; George Stout, Cincinnati, O., second base. Eugene White of Philadelphia will fill the position of catcher, providing he can secure a release from the Athletics of that place. Harry Woodall of Iowa will be the pitcher. Malone of the Irvington (N. Y.) Club will play at first base. None of the players are over nineteen years of age. The directors are negotiating for the Lafayette Park Grounds. The club will probably come East in June.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Boston Baseball Association was held last week, when the following officers were elected: President, Chas. H. Porter; treasurer, A. J. Chase; secretary, Harry Wright; directors—Arthur Soden, Chas. H. Porter, Wm. Hagan and Jas. Hall. But one hundred and fifty shares were voted on, including thirty-five of the seventy-two shares held by the Boston B. B. C., a majority of which is sufficient to elect a board, which, in voting to transfer said stock to the Association. It was decided to advertise the club stock for sale by public auction.

MEMPHIS (TENN.) REDS.—The following is the list of players engaged by the Memphis Red Stocking Club for the season of 1877. Contracts have been signed, and the club is considered one of the strongest semi-professional organizations in the South: Pitcher, Hall; catcher, Brinkalow, p.; Michael Kennedy, c.; Oscar Walker, 1st b.; John Shoup, 2d b.; Andrew Cummings, s. s.; Ben Brookshaw, 3d b.; W. H. Moore, l. f.; Tom Lottus, c. f.; Robt. Maloney, change p. and r. f. M. J. Walsh will be the manager.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care addressed as follows: Mr. Rule of Enterprise B. B. C.; Mr. Scott, Matthews of Mutual B. B. C. and Mr. Fallon of Chelsea B. B. C.

AQUATIC.

THE CANDIDATES for seats in the Harvard University eight-oar of 1877 are: Legate, Harriman, Lemoyne, '77; Loring, Littaner, '78; Crocker, Smith, Preston, '78; Swartz, Brigham, Conlan, '79. Mr. Dana is attending to them. There are more than twenty applicants for admission to the Freshmen crew who row on three nights each week. A challenge has been sent to the Yale Freshmen, to row at the same time and place as the University crews.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYNTON recently made an attempt to swim down the River Po, from Turin to Venice, Italy, a task requiring at the lowest calculation, a week to accomplish; but, after being in the water eighty-six hours, fatigue induced a fever, and he was obliged to relinquish the attempt.

THE PRIZES won at the June regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club were presented to the successful competitors on the 13th inst., when the monthly meeting was held. The Greenport regatta prizes of 1875 were also handed to the winners.

CAPT. OSTRAN has received official notification of the declension by Oxford and Cambridge Universities of Cornell's challenge to row an international race on the Thames next year. This announcement will surprise nobody after the occurrences of the past Summer.

ALEX. MCCLEAN of the Philadelphia Club, Mr. Brown of the Crescent, and Mr. Megargee of the College have been nominated for the offices of commodore, secretary and treasurer of the Schuylkill Navy.

JAMES WOOD, a member of the fourth estate, and a gentleman well known in boating, athletic, and turf circles, sailed from this port for Liverpool, Eng., in the steamer Nevada, Dec. 13.

JOHNNY TOOHIE is the cognomen of a newly-fledged Blue Nose sculler, who is spoken of as a contestant for the championship of Halifax Harbor, N. S.

PEDESTRIANISM.

DESPITE THE COLD WEATHER, some five hundred persons were present on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 16, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, to witness the one hundred yards contest between F. Rogers of Trenton, N. J., and John Thomas Crossley, the well-known athlete and pedestrian of Philadelphia, for $250 a side. The betting was about even, a good deal of money being invested on the race. Crossley jumped off with the lead, but Rogers put on a tremendous spurt, rapidly reduced his opponent's lead, and at the finish they appeared breast to breast. The referee, however, decided the race in favor of Rogers by a few inches. The time announced for the one hundred yards was "ten seconds."

DANIEL O'LEARY AND W. HOWES are to commence a walking match of 300 miles, for £200, in the neighborhood of Victoria Park, London, Eng., on Tuesday, Dec. 26. O'Leary and Weston have not yet come to terms, seemingly because the latter is averse to a meeting, and accordingly makes unreasonable propositions in lengthy letters to the sporting press.

A FOOT-RACE took place on the Olympic Grounds, at Paterson, N. J., Dec. 9, between Robt. Babcock and Alex. Minier, 150yds., for $100. It was won by the former by 3yds. in 17sec. Another race is announced to take place Dec. 30, distance 140yds., for $200.

MISS VON HILLER is now pedestrianizing in Boston, Mass., where she, on the 15th inst., commenced the task of walking 350 miles in six consecutive days.

JOHN GRAHAM of Lawrence, Mass., wants to run Tom Landy of Providence, R. I., 100 yards, for from $200 to $500 a side, within fifty miles of the latter city.

LETTERS for Frank Black and E. Mullen are in our care.

THE TURF.

NORFOLK, VA., RACES.

The Fall races over the Campostella Course, Norfolk, Va., commenced on Wednesday, Dec. 13. It was the first meeting that has been held at Norfolk since 1860, the war having interrupted the regular racing carnivals at this place. The people patronized the sport extensively. The track was heavy from the recent rains, and fast time was not expected. The first race was a dash of half a mile for two-year-old colts and fillies, for a purse of $250, $50 to the second horse. Only two started—Lewis & Co.'s Docility and McKelvey's Bosworth, the former winning in 59sec. A mile dash, for all ages, for a purse of $250, $50 to the second horse, had three runners—Callahan's Bay Rum, Lewis & Co.'s Pluto, and Weldon's Flora. Bay won the race in 2:00, Pluto securing second money. The third race was for a purse of $50, for local horses, half-mile heats, which was won by Capt. Jack; time not taken.

On the second day—Thursday, Dec. 14, the attendance was again large, but the track continued heavy and holding. The opening race was a dash of half a mile, for all ages, for a purse of $150, entrance-money to second horse. Lewis' Docility and Burns' King Bee were the only starters, the former winning in 56 seconds. The second race was a dash of one mile for all ages, for a purse of $225, entrance-money to second horse. Four horses started—Burns' Caroline, Callahan's Bay Rum, McKelvey's Bosworth, and Lewis & Co.'s Tampico. This was a capital race, all getting off on even terms, and running abreast for three-quarters of a mile. Entering the homestretch, Caroline and Bay Rum drew clear of the others and raced head and neck until within a few lengths of the judges' stand, when Caroline shot ahead and won an exciting contest by half a length, Bay Rum second. Time, 1:58. The third race was for local horses, dash of a quarter of a mile, for a purse of $25, which was won by Mr. Allen's Gipsy. Time not given.

On the third day the track was in a greatly improved condition, and the attendance large. The first race was for the Portsmouth Stakes, for two-year-olds, $25 each, play or pay, with $150 added, $50 to the second horse, dash of five furlongs. The contestants were McKelvey's Bosworth, Weldon's Flora, and Lewis & Co.'s Tampico. It was a closely contested race, the three horses finishing nearly abreast; and it was only after some deliberation that the judges awarded the race to Bosworth, giving Tampico second place and Flora third. The second race was the Morrissett Stakes, $25 each, play or pay, with $200 added for three-year-olds, a dash of five furlongs, for which Lewis & Co.'s Lady Clipper, Weldon's Flora, and Burch's King Bee started. Lady Clipper won, with King Bee second. The last race of the day was a dash of one mile, for all ages, for a purse of $250, which brought out four runners, viz., Burns' Caroline, Boughram's Gerald, Callahan's Bay Rum and Lewis &

WHAT TROUBLES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

My wife of the public's a favorite pet—
She's in the "variety" line;
My name's not a queer one nor singular, yet
She will never drop hers for mine.
My cognomen is Thompson—you'll note, "with a p"—
And yet, you may think it is queer,
In very large type in the posters you'll see
My wife's—it's "Miss Lulu De Vere."

However, of this I don't wish to complain,
I will not find fault nor repine;
What troubles "yours truly," and causes me pain,
Is they never will call *me* by *mine*;
The deuce of it is I am everywhere known
Not as Thompson—I never *that* hear—
But everyone calls me (I inwardly groan)
The "Husband of Lulu De Vere."

I lounge in the park, drive my handsome black mares,
Promenade or look in at the play?
I notice that everyone looks round and stares—
Do they think I don't know what they say?
When I go for my dinner to Delmonico's,
Or at Sandy's drop in for my beer,
They look at each other and whisper "There goes
The Husband of Lulu De Vere."

At dinners and suppers, at parties and balls,
My wife's a particular belle;
For routs and *for soirees* we've numberless calls—
I like them exceedingly well;
But at all of these places what, think you, am I?
Am I Thompson?—not any, my dear;
If anyone asks who I am, they reply:
"The Husband of Lulu De Vere."

I am sure I have sense; am possessed of some wit,
And am not averse to renown;
I am glad my wife's talent has happily hit
And made us the talk of the town;
But the trouble is this, if the truth I must tell—
For to me its fact's pretty clear—
I'm not much account; I am only—ah, well!
The Husband of Lulu De Vere. J. H. B.

HANDSOME ANDRE;
OR,
THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN P. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XXV.

MLLE. COLOMBINE IN A NEW ROLE.

The next morning, as they had agreed the night before, Robert and Andre occupied themselves in putting into execution the new plan which had suggested itself to Andre so suddenly.

At ten o'clock precisely they knocked at the door of the little house which stood at the corner of what was the Faubourg St. Denis and the Boulevard of Paris at that period. This house, the reader will remember, was the dwelling-place of Mlle. Colombine and her brother Jerome Pointu. It was the latter who opened the door. Andre entered, and introduced the Baron to Jerome, and the three sat in the little parlor and talked on indifferent subjects for a long time.

Jerome told them of his business prospects and success he had met. Thanks to powerful friends and liberal patronage, the little theatre of St. Laurent was still in existence. Nearly four months had glided by since Jerome had before stated his projects to Andre. Consequently, there were only two months more necessary to bring about the realization of his dream of a lifetime. At the end of that brief time he could establish himself grandly in the very same house from which he and his sister had been ignominiously expelled on the death of their father. But Colombine did not make her appearance before the visitors. She must be aware that Andre was there, however. Why, then, did she not come?

Jerome, even, appeared much less cordial and communicative than he was on the day when he met his old playfellow at the theatre. Andre did not know what to think of this. Were this coldness on the part of Jerome and this absence of Colombine caused by the slighting manner in which he had treated the poor girl when she had come to see him when he was in the service of the Duchess? He determined to find out.

"Shall I not see Jeannette this morning?" he asked.

"I can't say," replied Jerome. "She was very busy at her toilet when you came in."

"Go and tell her the Baron of Jouy desires to make her acquaintance, that I have come to render an account to her for my long absence, and that I cannot go away without seeing her. Tell her that, and she will be sure to come."

"I don't know," said Jerome gloomily. He could hardly find an excuse for not going, though, so he left the room, but with much apparent reluctance.

The atmosphere of the little house was becoming decidedly freezing to the visitors.

Jerome returned after a very long absence. His manner was warmer, and he was evidently better disposed towards his guests.

"Jeanette will be here in a moment," said he.

In a moment she entered the room. Andre ran to meet her, and, in spite of her determined effort to repulse him, administered a resounding kiss to each of her plump cheeks, and another, to finish, fairly on her ripe, red lips.

"Now," said he, without giving her a chance to protest, or in fact to say a word, "let us make all our explanations at once; for you have a perfect right to know what has become of me for so long a time as I have been absent. Now, first of all, I desire that you do not make a crime of the embarrassment that affected me when you saw me at the house of the Duchess. I was in peculiar circumstances there. I was the favorite officer of the household, I acknowledge, but all the servants hated me, and five or six of them, you remember, were watching us on that occasion, and listening to all we said. I was much troubled and embarrassed by their conduct, as you must have observed. I do not pretend to excuse myself, for I am convinced now of the stupidity and selfishness of my conduct. And, besides, all I sacrified did not guarantee me good fortune in the house. You remember you left me threatening vengeance. Well, that very night your prophecy was realised."

"I know that well enough," said Colombine viciously.

"What! Was that stroke your direct revenge on me?"

"Yes, monsieur. I am proud, and prompt to act upon my promises. Learning that very day that the Duke had returned to Paris, I sent the Marquis de Villebrune to him at once, charging him to open his eyes to the public scandal which had resulted from the conduct of the Duchess towards you."

"But, my little Jeanette. I will swear ——"

"No matter," said Colombine, interrupting. "You are not at confession here. I don't wish any explanations. The conduct of both you and the Duchess gave me my convictions long ago, and no lover's oaths could remove them. And, besides, if you had sincerely desired to obtain my pardon, you would not have allowed three months to have passed before coming to ask it."

"Why, how could I? Only two days after, I left for Orleans," said Andre.

"What to do?"

"To escort Mlle. De Montpensier."

"What! Were you in that daring expedition of which all Paris is talking?"

"To be sure I was. Don't you see by my uniform that I belong to the house of Orleans?"

"True. I see. Then you have gone campaigning with those three crazy women they call Mlle. De Montpensier, Madame De Frontenac, and the Countess De Fiesque?"

"Yes; and also in the company of my friend the Baron de Jouy, whom I beg leave to introduce."

"Ah! the Baron was with you, too?"

"He never left my side once, day or night, through the whole campaign. During the past three months we have lived together like brothers, sharing our meals, and occupying the same tent in the field, or the same room when we were billeted in the towns."

Colombine made but few other objections, and Andre, with his accustomed eloquence and artful ways and generally engaging manners, soon brought her round to a satisfied frame of mind again.

"We have very often spoken of you," ventured the Baron to the distrustful beauty.

"We only arrived in Paris yesterday," added Andre, "and here, you see, I make the very first visit to you."

"It is very true," put in Jerome, "that Andre couldn't come to see you when he was away off at Orleans with the army."

"So," said the young officer, taking Colombine's reluctant hand, "I hope you will not entertain any more unfriendly feelings towards me."

She faintly returned the pressure of her hand, and Andre covered it with burning kisses.

"It is satisfactory this time," said she, shaking her rosy finger at him, "but take care the next."

"Don't fear for that, my pretty Jeanette. I have loved you too long a time to find any new face to replace yours in my heart. Now, then, let's forget all that is past, and give ourselves up to the pleasure that we should feel on meeting again after so long a separation. As the Baron and I came here, we had a splendid idea come to us, and we put it in execution without asking you."

"What idea was it?"

"It was to order a breakfast for four from the restaurant near by, to be served up here—but for four only, remember."

"I have no objection," said Colombine.

"Then spread your table, my little Jeannette. We'll have the breakfast here in half an hour, and then we'll talk over our affairs."

"What affairs?"

"Those of the Baron, which we haven't spoken a word about yet."

At eleven o'clock a troop of waiters brought in a splendid breakfast, complete in every detail, even to the half-dozen bottles of the most irreproachable wine. Ten minutes after, the company of four seated itself at the table, and did justice to what was provided. On the invitation of Colombine, Robert went into a detailed narrative of his own and Irene's misfortunes.

"What!" she exclaimed, when the recital was finished, "is there no means of tearing the poor lady from the tyrannous dominion of the Count?"

"There should be one means at least," said Andre, "and we will find it in the end, depend upon it. But the most necessary duty now is to inform Mlle. Irene that Robert is not dead this time, any more than he was the first. To do this is almost as difficult as to release the lady from the convent. Unfortunately, neither one of us dares show himself at Val de Grace. I had a notion of getting into the convent under the disguise of a woman; but there is too much at stake to risk my betraying myself."

"Why can't I go?" asked Colombine.

"You might try it," said the Baron, "and I thank you for the offer; but you will readily understand how difficult it would be for even you to command success. It is evident that the moment Mlle. Irene's name is mentioned, the sisters will be on their guard. Although three months have passed, they have not forgotten, I am sure, our attempted abduction of the young lady."

"Very true. It seems impossible to overcome that difficulty."

"It is necessary, then," insinuated Andre adroitly, "for the person who attempts it to be shielded from all suspicion, either by name or position, or by the dress that she wears."

"That means, then, I suppose," said Colombine, "that if I attempt it they will shut the door in my face without mercy."

"Yes, if you do not assume a name and a position and a dress that would gain you consideration at once."

"But what are you talking about? What name? What position? What dress?"

"I was thinking," said Andre timidly, "of a nun's dress."

"That's a bright idea!" cried Columbine, clapping her hands.

"That's what I thought myself," acquiesced Andre. "But the difficulty will be to procure it."

"Not at all. I have a splendid dress of the kind in my wardrobe," said the actress in a fever of delight.

"Have you?"

"Yes, and a very good one too. I wore it only once, in the tragedy of 'Sister Perdita.'"

"But this costume must be exact in every detail. It will not be the public that will be the critic this time, and the dress, as well as the character assumed, will be submitted to the most minute scrutiny."

"The dress is perfect in every detail," replied Colombine. "It was presented to me by the visiting Sisters of the Convent of Meaux, for whom I had occasion to do many favors in a professional way that brought them in much money. I got with the dress all the attachments—beads, trimmings, cap, cloak, everything."

"And you will consent to wear it as a disguise?" asked Robert.

"Yes, if I can be of any service to you, Baron."

"When will you do this?"

"This moment, if you wish it."

"I dare not ask you to run this risk for me."

"You are wrong, then, monsieur, if you do not. And as for the risk I will run, let me retire and put on this costume, that you may judge for yourself how complete it is."

"Hurry, then," said Andre, delighted that his plan was progressing so favorably.

In about twenty minutes Colombine returned entirely transformed. Not only had she dressed herself in the costume, but she had assumed the look and bearing of the character she was to play—her hands clasped the one over the other in the broad sleeves of her dress, her eyes timidly cast down, and her step slow and heavy. The only fault that could be found with her was that she was too pretty.

Her appearance was hailed with an outburst of applause. Robert, Andre and Jerome were unanimously of the opinion that her make-up was faultless.

"Now, then, what am I to say I want to see Mlle. Irene for?" asked Colombine.

"Oh, that is very simple," said Andre. "You must say that you have been sent by the Queen-mother, and that you have a communication to make to Mlle. Irene relative to family interests. If they wish to know what those interests are, nothing prevents your saying Mlle. Irene owns property situated at Meaux, near the convent which your dress shows you represent, and that you have come to ask for instructions in regard to its management."

"Yes, indeed, that is very simple, and quite plausible too," said the actress, in evident delight with the new part that had been assigned her.

"Well, then, let's start off at once," said Andre.

"I am ready," answered Columbine.

Promising Jerome that they would take good care of his sister, the Baron and the Frondeur accompanied her to the street with all dispatch, and directed their steps towards the convent.

On the way the Baron gave the young actress his instructions. It was only necessary to inform Irene of the escape of the Baron from the grave, to assure her that she was still in his thoughts, and that he had not abandoned the hope of rescuing her yet.

At some little distance from the convent the two young men stopped at a street corner, where the angle of a projecting building would mask them from the sight of the sisters, and waited. Colombine continued on her way, and timidly knocked at the porter's door. On the first glance at her dress the Sister on duty promptly invited her to enter the little reception-room. The actress, playing her part splendidly, laid before her the all-important affair of interest that had induced her to undertake the journey from Meaux to speak with Mlle. Irene.

"Very good, my Sister," said the porter, "but I am obliged to refer this matter to the Superior."

"I cannot find any cause of complaint in that," answered Colombine.

They led her before the Superior, to whom she explained anew the object of her visit. It was then that the actress saw the utility of the minute points of information which she had obtained from the nuns of Meaux in order to enable her to play her part on the stage as perfectly as suited her ambition and her devotion to her art.

The Superior questioned her at length, but did not find her at fault in any respect as regarded her Order. So, convinced that she had to do really with one of the Sisters of Meaux, she turned towards the porter and ordered her to "Conduct Sister Anne to Mlle. De Laumirail."

Sister Anne was the young actress of the Theatre St. Laurent. This was the greatest triumph she had ever won in her art, but she did not forget her part in the flush of her success. Like a good actress, she followed with downcast eyes and heavy tread into the gloomy chapel of the convent.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MINES AND COUNTER-MINES.

For four months Irene had been dying by inches in her dismal prison. The sufferings she had endured, the restraint in which she was held by her brother, and the alternation of wild hope and blank despair which she had experienced had reacted disastrously on her mind and body.

First she had thought her lover dead, and for a week had wept bitter tears. These Andre had dried with the news that Robert was alive and loved her still. Then, on the very point of regaining her liberty, fate had decreed otherwise, and her captivity was renewed and made doubly odious to her. Not only had her chains been doubled, but the news had come to her again that the Baron was dead, and the records were even produced to prove to her satisfaction that he had been laid in the grave.

Irene could doubt it no longer. If she up to this time had lent herself willingly to the schemes of the Baron for her escape, it was not because she was of a romantic disposition and loved adventure, nor was it because of a morbid lovesickness that she pined in her convent cell. She knew that her marriage with Robert had been intended by her father, and that her uncle would have carried out his brother's wish had not death come to defeat all his plans; so, in acting in concert with her lover, she felt that she was only carrying out the wishes of her father. But when they placed in her hands the undeniable proofs of the Baron's death, an overwhelming despair took possession of her. Why should she struggle longer against the wicked will of her brother? Where was the use of maintaining any longer her claim to the inheritance of her father? She could not live in the company of the brother she had every cause to hate. Better, then, the cloister, with its solitude and its austerities to shorten her life, and bring her more speedily into communion with him she had loved in life, and whose memory she still treasured so fondly.

From the moment that these convictions forced themselves on her, she was the first to urge that the term of the novitiate should be shortened in her behalf. Perhaps she would obtain even this favor she solicited if the Queen-mother had not been obliged to leave Paris to satisfy the terrible political necessities of the time. When it is remembered that Ann of Austria had bought with her own money the ground and the buildings of Val de Grace, it will be readily understood what influence she exercised over the convent. This authority was so great that the Superior dared do nothing without consulting her. For the same reason, she dared not take any step in so important a matter as that involving the future of Mlle. De Laumirail, in whom her majesty acknowledged herself directly interested.

Irene therefore remained in the novitiate still.

Her wealth of blonde hair, which had formerly hung loose and unrestrained, making a rich mantle of silk and gold about her shoulders, was now imprisoned in a headcloth of snowy whiteness which almost entirely covered her smooth, white forehead. Her finely-arched brows were the same, but her large, dark eyes had been dimmed by tears, and lines of care began to show themselves beside the mouth, erstwhile so rosy and plump, but now so pinched and faded quite. She was wasting away; her rounded form had become angular; and, in the sad robes which the convent-life prescribed her, she presented a shadow of her former self, threading with ghostly secrecy the mystic walks and gloomy arches of the convent.

She had become the model of the institution. Her piety had pushed itself to an excess of fanaticism. She bore every fast, every punishment, every discipline, with strict conformity to the letter of the law, allowing herself none of the little indulgences that the most strict reading of the convent rules would permit. But no one was deceived by this rigorous, self-imposed asceticism. They all knew what was the disease that affected her, and those who watched her guessed truly that she was hastening over a religious road to death, and flying only to the tomb as to a deliverance from a world she loathed. Mlle. De Laumirail was killing herself slowly—was committing suicide in such a manner that no one could interfere and put an obstacle to her design, since she was simply obeying the rigorous rule of the convent. When the Sister who had been sent to conduct Mlle. Colombine to her opened the door of her cell, she scarcely raised her head.

"My dear child," said the Sister, "do not look so downcast. Here is news come to you from your property."

"From my property?" said Irene in great astonishment.

"Yes; here is a Sister from the Convent of Meaux, who has made the journey to Paris expressly to inform you of certain matters of business concerning your estates, and who will talk with you privately."

The young novice was doubtless about to manifest the most unbounded surprise, for she knew no one at Meaux, and possessed no estates there; but Colombine, who was behind the Sister, put her finger on her lips, and gave her a glance full of deep meaning. Irene repressed the words that were fairly on her lips, and substituted others.

"The Sister is welcome," said she. Her features had suddenly undergone a strange transiormation. Who could have invented such a falsehood to gain access to her? Who had enough interest in her to brave the almost insurmountable difficulties and dangers which opposed such an undertaking? And who was it who had taken the trouble to overcome all these, and reach her at last?

"Come forward, Sister Annie. This is Mlle. De Laumirail."

The guide retired.

"Do you wish me to return to guide you out?" asked she as she stood in the doorway.

"I can find the way without troubling you," said Colombine; "I should be very sorry to take you away from your holy duties. Besides, I do not know exactly how long Mlle. De Laumirail may detain me."

The nun departed.

The actress placed her ear to the door, and listened till her steps did away in the distance. Then she returned to Irene.

"Who are you?" asked the young lady suddenly. "Whence do you come? Who has sent you?"

"I will tell you," replied the comedienne in a whisper.

She had already noticed the ravages which misfortune had made in the delicate organism of the poor lady, and she felt what danger there would be in revealing the truth to her too abruptly.

"I am the betrothed of Handsome Andre, mademoiselle," said she, to gratify the general curiosity of the novice, to begin with.

"What! does that poor boy whom I was never even acquainted with still interest himself in my unhappy life?" asked Irene in surprise.

"Yes, mademoiselle. He has not forgotten that you were the intended wife of the Baron de Jouy, his friend. For that friend's sake he cherishes a respectful affection for you."

"Ah! then he sent you here?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"But how have you managed to procure the dress you wear, and, above all, how have you succeeded in reaching me?"

"Calm yourself now, mademoiselle, and do not be too much frightened by what I am going to tell you. I am an actress. This costume is a part of my wardrobe, and was a present to me from one of the Sisters of Meaux, from whom I also learned all the customs and rules of her Order. I made a study of these little details some time since, in order that I might play an important part on the stage as closely as possible after nature, and I have availed myself of this knowledge and my talent as an actress to impose on the Superior of this Convent of Val de Grace. That my acting has been a success is proven by the fact that I am here."

"You are welcome," said Irene, warmly pressing her hand, "and I want you to convey to your Andre the deep gratitude I feel for this display of his friendship."

"I shall not fail to do that, mademoiselle."

"But," resumed the novice, "you must permit me to manifest some astonishment if it is only to tell me this little news that you have risked so much."

"Only that? No, indeed, mademoiselle. I have something to say concerning the Baron de Jouy."

"The Baron! Alas! What can you say of him? Is not his grave properly cared for? Does Andre need money to fulfill this duty towards his friend?"

"No, mademoiselle. If that were all, I would have no need to take all this trouble to reach you."

"Then what would you say about the Baron?"

"I would speak of his sudden and mysterious death. Do you know the details, mademoiselle?"

"My brother has told me all; and, if he had not, did I not see Robert fall before my eyes?"

"He regained his consciousness for a moment, did he not?"

"Yes, I know all; for the Count brought the keeper of his lodgings to me and detailed the story of Robert's death before her, and, since she did not deny these details, I know they are true."

"But," said the actress, after going once more to the door and listening attentively, "do you not think this insensibility in which the Baron was up to his death was somewhat strange? Have you never thought of that?"

"I have indeed, very often."

"Have you never heard the name of an illness similar to the condition in which they say Robert died?"

"Oh, yes; they call it catalepsy."

"True, mademoiselle; and if you desired to inform yourself on the subject of this stranze malady, you would be surprised with the record of phenomena it has."

"Indeed."

"You would hear of people who, to every appearance dead, have returned to life after submitting to all the tests that generally prove life extinct."

"Yes, yes; but why do you tell me this?" said Irene, her dark eyes sparkling with feverish interest.

"You would hear, too, if you pressed your inquiries further," continued Colombine, "of wretches who have been buried alive."

"The same terrible thought has more than once passed through my mind," said Irene.

"Andre and I were talking of this to-day, mademoiselle, and that led me to come here to draw your attention to the same sad subject," said the actress, taking the young lady by the arm.

"Great Heavens! Could that have happened to Robert? Was he buried alive?" asked the terrified novice.

"I do not say he was, mademoiselle; but Andre declares and insists that it may have been the case."

"But how did he come to speak to you on this subject?" asked Irene, searching her visitor's face with her burning eyes.

"I do not know how it came about; but he maintained, in the course of our general conversation, that it might very easily have been that the doctor had declared Robert's life extinct when really he was not dead. He even said that it was his opinion that the Baron was not dead."

"What say you?" cried Irene aloud, her heart beating violently and her whole frame convulsed with conflicting emotions.

"He even insists on it," continued Colombine, still holding the novice tightly by the arm, "that Robert might have been laid in his coffin, borne to the cemetery and lowered into his grave, and yet might have awakened at the last moment—might have been rescued from his coffin."

"Am I dreaming?" said Irene wildly. "You have an object in relating these apparently impossible things. You have not come here to torture me, in the depths of my solitude and misery, by awakening in my heart illusions that can never be realized?"

"Andre insists, too," continued Colombine, "that the secret of his resuscitation was kept in order that he might escape the vengeance and continue, with greater chance of success, to plan your rescue."

"Ah! Speak! speak!" cried Irene. "This is torture. Robert lives! He does—he does! Oh, tell me so at once!"

"Yes," whispered Colombine, but in a tone so low that the young girl could only hear it faintly. Irene fell with all her weight into the arms of the actress. Colombine had foreseen the result of the shock such news would prove to the young girl. If she had not been weakened by disappointment and suffering, her joy might, perhaps, have killed her.

"Courage, my sister!" said her visitor. "Come—be calm. Sit down and let us consider this fact bravely."

The novice allowed the actress to lead her docilely to one of the two rough seats with which the cell was furnished, and then crossed her arms and raised her eyes devoutly to heaven.

"Robert lives!" she murmured; and that was all that Colombine could hear of her prayer.

"Yes, he lives," repeated the false nun; "and I am so sure of it that I sat at breakfast with him only an hour since, and he and Andre escorted me almost to the gate of the convent, and he is waiting in the street, not far off, for the answer I have promised to bring him."

"Tell him," said Irene, "that I remain true to the promises I made him."

"I will be sure to do that," said the actress; "but I must also bear him your assurance that you will be patient and resolute to struggle with him against your common enemy."

"Oh, I promise that with all my heart," said the young lady earnestly.

"Alas! I should like to do more than this even," said Colombine.

"What more could you do?" asked the novice.

"My first idea was to change dresses with you, and allow you to escape from the convent by that means."

"True," said Irene, who had not thought of that before.

"I have thought it over," said Colombine, "but there are two potent reasons that forbid it being done now. The first is ——"

"I don't ask you to explain," said Irene.

"But I prefer to do so, however; for, if I do my work by halves, I wish you to know that it is not because I lack the good-will to accomplish all at once."

"Go on, then."

"The first reason is, as I was saying, it is now broad day. Any exchange of this kind could not deceive anyone, owing to the difference in our features."

"Very true."

"The second is more personal, mademoiselle. My brother and I were, on the death of our father, turned out of the house in which we lived, and where we had been left without resources at an age when it was difficult to earn our living. Good luck gave us a position in a company of strolling players, and diligent work, with some talent, has given us honorable positions in our profession. We have treasured up our savings, and watched the little hoard grow with delight as it approaches the grand total that will enable us to hire the old house we were born in, and reopen the little shop in which our father earned his living."

"That is a very noble ambition," said Irene.

"Well, mademoiselle," continued Colombine with an animation that betrayed how deeply this project was rooted in her heart, "we are approaching the end. In two months the sum we need will be in our hands. But, in order to attain this result, things must go on in their ordinary course. Now, if I attempted to put into operation the means of your escape that I mentioned a few moments since, the object I have been working for so long could not be attained. I would be responsible for your escape. I doubt not that they would set me at liberty finally, but after what delays and formalities! What a weary time would elapse! Then I could not finish the work which I have labored so long to accomplish. My work would crumble and vanish like a castle in the air just as I am about to assure it to myself as a reality."

"You are right, mademoiselle," said Irene warmly. "You must devote yourself to this noble task."

"But when I have finished it," said Colombine, "if Heaven has not ended your imprisonment, believe me no one in the world will be more willing to serve you, at any risk or any sacrifice, than the actress Colombine."

"Thanks," said Irene, taking one of Colombine's hands and pressing it warmly in both of hers.

"So, then, mademoiselle, we'll consider it understood. After two months have passed I shall be entirely at your service."

"But what new means do you propose to take to reach me again? They will be sure to inform my brother of your visit to me. Now, he knows better than anyone else that I have no estate in Meaux, and that I am not acquainted with a soul there. He will, consequently, suspect the trick by which you have gained access to me."

"Never mind. We will find some new way. We have not exhausted all our ideas yet. Meantime, resist the enemy, and do not believe anything he tells you, not even if he brings you apparently the most incontestable proofs. Do this, and keep a most cheerful heart, and I will answer for the future."

"You are a good angel," said Irene, who had been much comforted by these hopeful words, "and may the future that you unroll so brightly before me be rich in rewards for you."

With these words she opened the door of her cell.

"Tell him," said she in a whisper, "that I live for him alone."

She accompanied her visitor through the cloister to the reception parlor, and there bade her farewell.

The actress inclined herself piously before the Sister and departed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COUNTING HIMSELF IN.—A good precedent for the reported action of some of our returning boards is found in the following curious case recently decided in the English law courts: A meeting of the Board of Directors of a certain company was advertised to be held, but at the time appointed only one member was present. He at once proceeded to business, voted himself into the chair, appointed himself secretary, declared a dividend of five shillings per share, and adjourned. The matter came before the Court, and it was argued by the counsel for the solitary member that, as the charter of the company did not specify what number should constitute a quorum, his acts were perfectly legal. The Judge, however, decided that one man would not "meet," and the proceedings were declared invalid.

PRINCE CANDID.

A STORY OF FAIRY-LAND.

King Cadissime was growing very old, and, as all men when they grow aged are only ambitious for rest, King Cadissime came to the conclusion that going to sleep was the greatest fun in the world.

He had always found going to sleep a consolation, for the simple reason that it saved him from thinking.

You must know that thinking was not a pleasant process with the potentate, because his ponderings were extremely monotonous, seeing that he never gave an idea to anyone beyond himself.

Those persons who keep most awake are the individuals who think of others, and so King Cadissime was sleepy.

And as everybody must be industrious in some degree, and as King Cadissime was a body, and as he only thought of himself, his industry was confined chiefly to eating and drinking, in which occupations he for some years showed a fine ability.

So King Cadissime grew torpid, fat, fretful and foolish.

He thought himself a good king because he did no actual harm; and if anybody had told him that he was a bad Prince because he did no actual good, there would have been work for the royal jailers.

Aged before his time, by virtue—or rather by vice—of his own ill-usage of himself, he began therefore to think of rest and of retiring from the fatigue of reigning.

He found it very wearying to hold drawing-rooms, and when he had to rise in order to receive an ambassador he came to the conclusion that the world expected really too much of him.

So he decided that he would abdicate, and he considered that all the land ought to pity him for the heavy labor he had to endure in thinking out who should be his successor.

He had three sons. Prince Ego was the eldest. Prince Mihi was the second. Prince Candid was the youngest of himself and brothers.

Now, if King Cadissime had possessed a grain of the merest common sense, he would have known that he would have secured for himself the happiest state of abdication, by considering which of his three sons was best fitted to rule in that land. The crown in question did not descend to the eldest son, but to the son upon whom the King thought fit to make choice, either upon his abdication or upon making his will.

But King Cadissime decided that he would leave his kingdom and his crown to the son who loved him most. For, with great cleverness, he supposed that the son who loved him most would be the most convenient of the three to succeed him.

For, you see, this King in fairyland—who, by the way, has been imitated by many a real prince of the earth—supposed that the land was made for him—not that he was created and existed for the land and the people.

There was this difference of opinion between him and his people. It is a difference which has not ceased to exist in this deplorable world. Kings *will* fancy their crowns a right, instead of a trust.

So King Cadissime decided that the son who most loved him should succeed him; and to ascertain which of the three was most devoted, he called a council, and commanded every great lord to appear before him.

It was a very busy day at the palace.

There sat the foolish King upon his golden throne, which by this time was scarcely large enough for him, and before him were ranged the three Princes.

The reader will be pleased to learn that the half-imbecile creature has announced his royal intention to abdicate, and that he has used the most pompous language possible; that he has said it is his intention of giving his kingdom to the son who demonstrates that he loves his father best.

The ashen courtiers have announced their sorrow at the King's abdication, they have all expressed great surprise (although they knew what was about to happen, and indeed have talked about nothing else during the past fortnight).

When the King says that he intends to give the crown to the son who most loves him, there is not a man there who protests against the ignorance of such a decision. They all smile and murmur as though a second Daniel had come to judgment.

"Prince Ego," said the King, "thou art my eldest son, and by right of birth thou didst speak first, therefore thou shalt declare first how far thou dost love me."

"Sire," said Prince Ego, "I would lay down my life at your majesty's slightest wish."

The King smiled and looked kindly at his eldest born, who thought, "Surely no man can do more than say he would lay down his life for another. I gain the crown."

"Then, Prince Mihi, what say'st thou? To what extent goes thy love for me?"

"Sire, I should be, indeed, sorry to die for your majesty; for then death would part us, and that would be my deepest desolation. But, at thy slightest wish, I would put out mine eyes in proof to all men of my love and devotion to you, and so, in my darkness, remain a lasting instance of the love your majesty can inspire."

"A royal youth—a right royal youth, and worthy of our love! Now, by the egg-big great diamond in our crown, we know not which loves us best, our first or second son."

The subject courtiers murmured their approval in many low sounds, and showed it, the poor creatures, in scores of weak smiles and nods.

"But what says our third son?" cries the King; "our baby prince—the last-born of my royal race?"

"Sire," said Prince Candid, "I love your majesty as son should love his father."

"What now—what now? Pray, then, is this all you have to say?"

"Sire, in open war, or against treachery or treason my life is at your majesty's disposal; but I would not lay down my life at your majesty's slightest wish, for your Majesty would have no right to require a life at your mere royal caprice."

"Ho, ho!" cries stultified King Cadissime, beating his sceptre upon the arm of his throne; "here is flat treason! What! wouldst thou not lay down thy life for the King who gave it thee?"

"Aye, in a just cause, your highness, but in no other."

"So, so; and, mayhap, thou wouldst not blind thyself to show thy love for us, our son!"

"Sire, what have my eyes done that I should pluck them out? My greatest enemy could do me no greater harm; for living in want of light is more terrible even than the black blank of utter death. In a just cause I would die for your majesty; but nothing should compel me to be blind to please your majesty, for to be blind would be of no avail or use; and I love the light which shows me how very beautiful is all the world."

"Then art thou less worthy than thy noble brothers."

"Prove them, your majesty. Well they know their father would not condemn them—the one to death, the other to loss of sight. But if the maltreatment of my brothers would set an example of devotion to the subjects of your majesty, I see a way in which they could do so, and yet live as happily in this world as they can."

"Let us hear thy plan. We listen."

"My brother Ego says he would die for your majesty. Now let him prove this in part by drawing his sword and chopping off his left hand. The right does almost everything, and the left is almost useless; therefore by losing it Prince Ego will prove his devotion to your majesty after his own manner; and, no doubt, the people will be edified."

The King pondered, and, turning to Prince Ego, he said:

"What say'st thou?"

"Sire, at your majesty's command, and only at your majesty's command, I am ready to chop off my hand; but I pray the King to remember that I should have one hand the less to raise in his royal defense."

"Thou art right royal, my son, and shalt not suffer. And now, thou princekin, last of my house, what sayst thou to the offer of thy brother, Prince Mihi?"

"Sire, let Prince Mihi put out one eye in his father's honor. Twill be sufficient to show his love, and the people will be edified, no doubt."

"Son Mihi, what say'st you?"

"Sire," says the second son, bowing, "at your majesty's command, and only at your majesty's command, will I put out one of my eyes. But my royal father will remember that if I have but one eye, then shall I only have half the vision which I have wherewith to reverence him; while, if I fall blind of the other eye, then shall I never be able to look upon the King again."

"Thou art nobly right, my second son; and thou, traducer, what now hast thou to say for thyself?"

"But this," says Prince Candid: "That I am a man, as is your majesty, and that, as a man, I do respect myself. No vain adoration of your majesty's royal will should make me mutilate myself, or even take away my life—which would, to me, be a less loss than maiming. But when your majesty needs a faithful sword and exceeding courage in the cause of truth, then I pray your majesty rely on me, whatever may be to-day's decision. If it be unjust, I will forgive you, King; and if it be wicked, then I will wish you a better heart."

"What! am I bearded in my own palace?—on my own throne?"

"Sire, you resign both to-day. You should care, therefore, little for the dignity of both."

"My lords," cried the incensed King, "hear our decision! We hold that our elder sons have shown equal love and loyalty to us; and, theretore, we divide our land into two portions, the one being given to our eldest son, the other to our second born; and, as for that most arch traitor Prince Candid, unnatural and infamous Prince that he is, we command him instantly to quit our land, and never to return to our court!"

"Sire," said the youngest son, "I prove my love and duty by obeying. No word will I say; but, laying down my title and my state, I will go forth as a simple knight-errant, seeking to render help to the world."

"Thou art a fool!" cried the King.

"Let me prove to your majesty that I have some sense?"

"We should love to see it; ye shall have your own way."

"So please you," said the Prince, "let a bundle of brushwood be brought into the presence."

"Nay, we have said ye shall be heard; let the bundle be brought."

Now, the courtiers had fallen into a state of consternation when they learnt that the land was to be divided. When the lashed bundle of wood was brought before the King, Prince Candid turned to his brothers and said:

"Take each this bundle and try to break it in half."

The two brothers looked at each other contemptuously.

"Nay, let the clown have his way," cried the King.

So the Princes in turn took up the bundle of wood and strove to divide it.

The wood creaked, crunched, and yielded here and there, but the bundle remained a bundle, even when both the Princes were exhausted.

Then Prince Candid stooped, drew his dagger, and cut the cords. Thereupon, gathering up the sticks, he gave one to each of his brothers and the courtiers, and, in the King's name, bade each strive to break the stick he held.

There was a great cracking, and each one held a shorter stick in each hand.

"Sire," said Prince Candid, "the bundle of wood is your kingdom, now firmly bound; my dagger is your royal will, which breaks up the land; and you see that, union once ceasing, the bundle of wood was soon broken in two. In union only will your land break not up the land, or it will be shattered, and even your majesty be weakened."

"Soh—more treason! Methinks our royal life is threatened. Know, traitor, that thy two brothers' love will make the kingdom one. But take heed. If in fifteen days thou art found still in the land, a hard chain shall be set upon thy heel, and my lowest subject who slays thee shall be held up as a public benefactor."

"Fair father, my love is still your majesty's; and with a heavy heart, I say farewell."

He turned to leave the palace, and, as he moved from the throne, the courtiers whispered that, if he would save the land, and by beading a rebellion, they would stand by him.

"Ye spoke not against their wicked words," he said. "Suffer, therefore, and be punished by their wretched acts. As for the people—alas! the innocent ever suffer for the wicked. Were ye worthy of a good king, ye would have him. The world makes itself."

"Your majesty," he cried, turning on the threshold, "there is treason already in the palace, and with my presence goes your majesty's most loyal and most pitying subject!"

So the Prince went out into the world alone, poor in riches, but very rich in hope.

He wandered through many lands.

One day, passing through a wood, he encountered an old woman singing and spinning flax after the Italian manner.

"Good-day, mother," he said.

"Good-day, my son."

"Thou art happy?"

"Aye, for I work, and am contented."

"Have you no wish ungratified?"

"No; for my sons are strong and happy, and my daughters have little children."

"Have you no sorrow?"

"For myself, no; for the land, yes."

"What ails the land?"

"It is ruled by a princess who will not marry."

"Perchance she loves her people?"

"Yes; but she will not marry, because most men are wicked."

"A good reason."

"But she has five cousins, all of whom covet the land. If, now, she had a wise husband, the cousins would be conquered, whereas they may seek to poison her or imprison her, and then what would become of the kingdom?"

"But do not her courtiers tell her these things?"

"Yes; but she knows them to be vain and bad, and, therefore, she mistrusts them. If, now, an honest man pointed out to her how wise it would be to marry, then she might listen."

"What is her name?"

"Violetta, and well she deserves it; for, like the flower whence she obtains her name, she is modest and retiring, and loves to give the perfume of her goodness to those who pass by without being seen or thought about."

"I will go to her," said Prince Candid, "and speak my mind."

"But how shall you reach the throne?"

"I will tell the courtiers what I wish to do."

"They would beat thee, for they hold that they should monopolize advice given to the throne. Nay, you must reach it by royal chair by way of frivolity."

"How shall that be?"

"I will tell thee, son. I have a talking dog, who is wiser than most men, because he has tried to learn, and has kept himself humble."

"A wise dog!" said the Prince.

"Keeny, Keeny!" said the old woman.

A very sensible-looking dog walked out of the hut and made a civil bow.

"This gentleman wants a companion," said the old lady, still spinning.

"I shall be most happy to be of service," said the canine animal.

"I thank you," said the Prince. "I see we shall be great friends."

"Shall be?" said the animal. "We are. By the way, my absolute name is Darwinetto, but I am called Keeny for short. Do you not think we may as well start?" The sooner the Princess is brought to a state of common sense, the better."

"By all means," said Candid, determined not to be outwitted in promptitude even by a very clever dog.

"Madame," said the Prince, "I will wish you good-day. I have no doubt Keeny will find his way home when he wishes."

"Quite, quite," said the creature, with a sort of bark.

"By the way, madame, I do not know your name."

"My family name is Fors," said the spinner. "I am called Clotho, and I am the eldest. I spin. My second sister is called Lachesis, and she measures the threads I spin. Our younger sister is called Atropos, and she cuts the thread—shall we say the thread of life?—which I spin, and which Lachesis measures upon the rods in his throne; here is flat treason! What! wouldst thou not lay down thy life for the King who

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs.
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin.
No such person as "Santa Claus" ever had been—
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then.
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep
As he whispered: "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas' aseep?"
"Hey, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year.'
"Well, they can't we pray just as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us much as does he:
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear Brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bing us some pesents before it is ight;
I want he should div me a nice little sed,
With bright shinin unners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy.
Amen, and den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumbers, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-a-red-for kiss;
And, I'll make sure of that, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange—strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nurs'ry was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"Wih bright, shining runners, and all painted red."
There were bats, balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear:
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down-stairs, he retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents espied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light;
"And now," added Annie in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our prayers: now, wasn't he dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little sit;
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself!")
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who made you steal softly upstairs,
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

THE CAREER OF A COLUMBINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Although the drama of our immediate ancestors was deficient in those adventitious aids which it takes such constant care and attention on the modern manager's part to secure, it may safely be said to have occupied a large space in social life, and to have had more influence on the public mind than has a critic who shrewdly terms "the huge histrionic organisations of our time." The stage was then as much a part of the auditorium as any other portion of the theatre. Indeed, *le beau monde* preferred the seats in the wings, and those on the stage itself, behind the actors and in full view of the public, to any others. Thus, when a certain famous actor was playing Hamlet for his own benefit at Drury-lane, the stage was much encumbered with fine folks; and an inoffensive but officious old lady, with a superfluous red cloak on her arm, hearing the "melancholy Dane" say "the air bites shrewdly, it is very cold," quietly rose from her seat, took off her cloak, and placed it around his shoulders, to the infinite amusement of the audience, while the actor himself was convulsed with laughter. Sometimes, however, these incidents took a more objectionable form, and were less amusing, as the following instance will prove.

Manchester, England, displayed more than a hundred small bills—the baldest apologies for the mural magnificence of billposting at the present day—announcing the dazzling, gorgeous and unprecedented production at the Theatre Royal of the pantomime of "Whittington and his Cat." On "boxing-night" the various entrances of the dingy lamp-lighted house were bombarded by an avalanche of human beings anxious to gain admittance, for the fame of the company had been heralded with an enterprise and an expense which were unusual in that day. The Clown and Pantaloon were of surpassing comicality and agility; the ballet numbered nearly twenty houris; and the Columbine—well, she was a coruscating vision of loveliness. The rear of the stage was occupied by the grandees of the district, who had travelled to Manchester, accompanied by their retinues, to be present on the first performance. The Grosvenors and the Stanleys sat upon velvet chairs, while occupying the post of honor was Borlase De Dunstanville, last Earl of Clermont—an exceptional Sybarite, who-he-ll, *bon-vivant* and *paikhard* even in those debauched times.

The rhymed nonsense and local and political hits were received with spontaneous good-humor. Everything was applauded, from the scene-painter's efforts down to the new chandelier, filled with oil-lamps—which was a new revelation of splendor in illumination in those murky days. When Harlequin, however, by a stroke of his enchanted sword, ended the poetical palaver, and Columbine came bounding on the stage, there was a moment of suspense, during which the proverbial pin might be heard to fall. She literally took away the breath of that large audience. She flashed upon the vision like a Venus bursting from enamored waves. She seemed all that painting can express or the poetic imagination fancy. Nature, when she built this pulse-maddening beauty, had been in a earnest, and the result was a fairy paragon, and every winning grace that young Love demands.

"Jupiter and Helen of Troy!" cried Borlase De Dunstanville impulsively, and in tones heard in the remotest corner of the house.

The leaders of applause that followed this vulgar but evidently honest homage shook the walls of the building and threatened to precipitate the "gods" and the gallery upon the heads of the people in the pit.

The favored young bloods, and, for the matter, the short-thunbanded, silver-haired old Lothario as well, were unanimous in declaring that the delightful, dark-eyed, dark-haired Columbine was calculated to shake the saintship of an anchorite, while the noble swell of the limbs and other grand corporeal traits fired the heart of the somewhat faded De Dunstanville and gave it a new sensation—unknown before.

The town went raving over Kate Pemberton, the lovely Columbine, and she was dragged to her humble lodgings by her admirers—a tumultuous, surging crowd—in a coach provided by the scion of the aristocratic house of Derby. The house was packed every night. Critics crammed themselves with metaphor, and went into paroxysmal panegyric in a fashion like the following:

"Face, frame and limbs are all supereminently eloquent, and tell tales of passion beyond the power of mere airy words. Her dancing is the language of the exhilarated heart when it seeks to communicate, to cherish and to expand its joy. Nothing has ever been seen on a stage before at all comparable to this dangerous yet unwicked witch, the charming and spell-bearing enchantress Miss Kate Pemberton!"

Ah, there were critics in those days! The race of soul-floralizing dramatic hosannaists existed ere those blighted and sapless latter-day ink-slingers out on the Western prairies endeavored to revive the ancient art. But this is a sort of acrobatic digression.

Borlase De Dunstanville, Earl of Clermont, did not proceed that night to his country-seat. His imagination was fired; he had experienced a new sensation, and he spent a restless night in the bridal-chamber of the King's Hotel. His dreams resembled those of an Oriental hasheesh-eater. Gleaming eyes, white, rounded arms, gorgeous bosoms, and glancing, twirling, maddening, marbleized limbs were revolving in saltatorial mazes, amid amaranthine bowers, through the nobleman's brain.

Next evening the Earl was introduced to the lovely Columbine by the manager, albeit his lordship was evidently under the influence of wine. She was but twenty, retiring and decorous, and, during her very limited stage experience, it was the first time she had encountered a privileged voluptuary, or had listened to a prurient compliment. The girl was flattered, yet fearful. Her eye sparkled and her heart jumped when her distinguished admirer presented her with a valuable ring; but she shrank cowering from the offense of his touch when he sought to caress her ivory shoulders with his shrunken hand. There was no escaping from her aristocratic tormentor during the pantomime. He danced attendance at the wings, and the manager was evidently gratified to discover that his "noble and generous patron" was so effectually captivated—or, as we say in these sophisticated days, mashed.

Kate was standing on the O. P. side, waiting her signal, and listening for the twentieth time to her infatuated admirer declare she was an angel, a Venus, and so forth, when some words of a conversation from the distinguished group of spectators who occupied seats at the back of the stage reached them.

"Ah, yaas, wather pwetty. Wondaw where old Woxby picked her up?"

Roxby was the manager. The speaker was an exquisite of the first water, and his companion was a rather too full-blown blonde of the fat-and-forty type.

"I tell you, sir, she is decidedly pretty. Her face is very superior for a person of plebeian origin. Her arms are rather too much like a milkmaid's, but they are well formed. Her bust is fair, waist ditto, and her legs ——"

"Wall, what about her legs?" said her companion with some impatience.

"They are padded, certainly."

"Ah, I thought so."

"Do you hear that charge, my beautiful Kate?" whispered his lordship.

"It is false!" said Columbine with a piquant emphasis.

Instantly the faded Don Juan had captured a glowing silk-covered limb and was submitting it to frenzied manipulation. Incited by an uncontrollable impulse, he determined to solve the problem of cotton, or no cotton, at once. The result was disastrous. Columbine gave a shrill scream, and bounded away from the coarse contact like a startled fawn. The sudden momentum precipitated her headforemost upon the stage, in full view of the spectators, where also the ancient intrigant was prostrated at his full length. The confusion was indescribable. Hissing, yelling, cursing, stamping, cries of "Put him out!" "Lynch him!" "Throw him into the pit!" and other maledictions, mingled with the loud inquiries of the stage people and the vociferated entreaties to "Keep quiet!" of the adjuring manager. To add to the tumult, the Harlequin—a muscular young man and an intense admirer of Miss Pemberton—shot out his dexter mauley and drew the claret from the Grecian prominence of the nobleman's phiz; seeing which, some bolsterous bloods in the pit jumped into the orchestra, upsetting the leader's stool and demoralizing the double-bass. As usual, certain timid people rushed into the street, crying "Fire!" "Murder!" and "Constable!" and, just as the curtain was descending, three or four of the watchmen of the period walked leisurely upon the scene.

"I am the Earl of Clermont. Take that varlet into custody," was the unexpected and imperative greeting the boorish reservers of the peace received.

Everybody was silent. The constables arrested Harlequin without remonstrance on his part or the managers. The disreputable nobleman was master of the situation, and by his orders the theatre was closed for the night. There was no indignant newspaper attack the aristocratic puppet next morning; but the poor Harlequin got six months' imprisonment with hard labor, and Manager Roxby was compelled to go ovel at his lordship's knees in order to retain the poor privilege of having his license continued. "Dick Whittington and his Cat" enjoyed the usual run, but the regular habitues spoke disparagingly of the new Columbine, and declared that the new Harlequin was a mere wooden man compared with his agile predecessor.

The whirligig of Time brought his usual revenges and compensations. May merged into midsummer. The company of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, was scattered all over the British islands, and one had even gone to Paris. Yes; Miss Kate Pemberton, the lovely Columbine of two nights, after six months' assiduous supplication had consented to render Borlase De Dunstable—that peer of the rose and yellow leaf—happy. She was now the Countess of Clermont—somewhat of a termagant, with a temper like touchwood.

If you ask how a "used-up," Sir-Charles-Coldstream sort of a man like the Earl could have married a pretty girl of mere *sans culotte* origin, the answer is that this black-eyed dancer was a much more attractive, but more skillful than the renowned Dulcinea del Toboso. Men of the temperament of De Dunstanville are not the most difficult to capture. He had pictured her unsophisticated, beautiful, pure. He had found her honor impregnable; and he had no conception that poverty, privation and the inevitable indecency engendered by a large family eating, living and sleeping in one room had taught the girl more than a young man would like the girl of his bosom to know.

The last of the De Dunstanvilles was hard to awaken from the delusion that his bird of Paradise was but a bird of prey in borrowed plumage. But the plumage she insisted on. It was a repetition of the old adage concerning the beggar on horseback. This girl from the Manchester slums, who had starved with her mother, soon availed herself of the most notorious and profligate society-woman in that licentious period—the last years of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. Spite of the Earl's remonstrances, she surrounded herself with admirers. She smiled on every pair of whiskers that approached her, and went into ecstacies over the boxes of bonbons, all of which came from the same shop. Her elderly, uxorious husband slept upon a bed of perennial thorns. Yet the ridicule and abuse which in England had followed his "insane *mesalliance*," certain non the Continent, and his Countess preferred, on that account, the spot which is designated Paris.

The Earl and Countess of Clermont lived in great style. The porter was seven feet high—a blonde Norwegian, strong and muscular as Hercules or Goliah of Gath. The footmen were tall, supple Englishman, with a provincial accent and little or no acquaintance with the French tongue. We have met him before—in the Theatre Royal, Manchester. He was the Harlequin who had resented the insult of his present employer to the Columbine of the pantomime. My lady, of course, was acquainted with the coincidence of identity; my lord, on the other hand, was in Cimmerian darkness. The porter was named Cedric Wolfe; the footman, Joseph Jennings. Cedric hated Joseph with a hate invincible, yet, to all outward appearance, my lady doted with an equal condescension upon both of them.

It was the beginning of August, 1792. The seeds of revolution were rapidly approaching fruition in France. The last of the De Dunstables was unwilling to imperil his precious life amid the prospective outrages of a Parisian mob. Therefore, instead of on leaving the gay but threatening capital. To this step his Countess was most decidedly opposed. Their tete-a-tetes on the subject were extremely acrimonious. Sheridan has pictured such a scene between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. But my Lady Clermont far outstripped Lady Teazle in the accomplishment of vixenish innuendo. One morning both husband and wife had lost their temper. He suggested that she would have better become a fishstall in Billingsgate than the coronet of a Countess. Her retort discourteous was to the effect that he was a fool, and a something—contemptible beyond—with horns. She was enveloped in a wadded morning wrapper of white satin, although the weather was warm, and in this costume she resembled a jewel in its casket, or a cat on an elder cover-let. She looked superb in her rage and scorn; and when the faded rose, palsied with anger, hinted that he alone controlled the purse-strings, and that, if she chose to go to the Devil, she would go there a pauper, she grew magnificent as a Borgia in her fury.

They separated from that last interview with a frigid politeness; and her ladyship sank upon a fauteuil and shed the first real tears since the morning of her magnificent alliance, when the image of a certain Harlequin rose up before her, even in the church at the altar.

That day the popular fury culminated. The palace of the Tuileries was attacked by an armed mob, the Swiss guards were overwhelmed, and the King and Queen committed close prisoners to the Temple. The Earl of Clermont quietly left Paris in a coach. During the days that followed, riot and massacre ran rampant in the devoted capital. Atrocities were committed in the name of Liberty at which humanity turns pale. The prevailing thirst for blood had even invaded the Clermont mansion. Cedric the Norman had cleft in twain with an axe the head of the pampered footman Joseph Jennings. The Countess, deserted by her former admirers, was at the mercy of this brutal and gigantic porter. Seated in her chamber, with her head buried in her hands and her long masses of dark hair sweeping like a mantle to her feet, she was disconsolate—and even more terrified than disconsolate. The huge Northern savage was terrible in the mystery of his proceedings. He had not intruded himself upon her privacy since he had butchered the footman. What did he mean? What new crime did he meditate? So pondered the mistress.

As for Cedric, since his pent-up rage had been quenched in bloodshed, he had moped around in a sodh, half-sorrowful manner. He was ashamed of himself, especially when the image of his kind mistress rose before him in all the pride of her luxuriant beauty. He felt that he could not endure her look of reproach. He would rather take part among the fiend-inspired populace than remain where he was. But, to leave his mistress—that would be cowardice. Such thoughts, in such an untutored heart, and in such a time, quicken with fearful rapidity. He must either flee from her or see her. Had the mob not butchered the Princess Lamballe? Why should not he perpetrate a lesser offense, and love his mistress? He had often admired the regularity of her features—had scanned, in his own fashion, with unqualified approval, the lines of her splendid figure and the symmetry of her firm, well-turned limbs. May, had not the lady herself forfeited much of her frailty had taught him to suspect her. Nay, was there not also Joseph Jennings, whose cloven skull sometimes visited the besotted pillow of the Norw-gian Goth? It needed but a spark to set the dry tinder of his jealousy aflame. And the spark was not withheld.

In a moment of frenzied excitement, Kate personified a Columbine before the elevated throne of the Goddess of Reason. A Leotard of those days named Santob speedily extemporized the part of Harlequin. The performance of the pair out-Herod-ed Herod. It was salacious and statuesque salaciousness. Amid the maddening cheers of the excited audience, Cedric retired; and when Kate was poised in her fellow-performer's arms, with feet in the air and bosom glowing, there was a meeting of lips—a meeting that arose from an impulse which, on the part of M. Santob, must have been uncontrollable. A roar as of a wild beast startled the assemblage. A shadow as of a swift and mighty wing cleft the air, and the broad, thirsty edge of an axe shot through Columbine's golden corslet and drank the life-blood of the beating heart. The bloody severed the head from the neck of the Harlequin, and the orgy closed, as was fitting, in blood, debauchery and tears. Thus, in magnificent vice, died a woman whose chequered career is calculated to be a warning rather than an emulation in the ranks of her profession.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC NOVELTIES.

"LE PRINCE,"

a new four-act comedy by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, was recently first performed at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris. A correspondent thus describes the plot: M. Cardinet is a middle-aged citizen of the quiet town of St. Malo, who has grown thoroughly bored by the monotony of his existence. He is weary of eating eternally, day after day, the same dishes, always at the same hour, and the regularity of his household management has become oppressive to him. His wife, though young and pretty, is a confirmed prude. She patronizes all charitable institutions, sets her face against pleasure or amusement in no matter what form, and allows her suffering husband no recreation beyond a stroll on the battlements on Sunday afternoon, and a cigar at the military band on Sundays. Cardinet, however, is determined to amuse himself, and just at that moment a party of actors from Paris have come to give a performance in the town. Among these is the famous Ecoublume, an artist who, as he proclaims himself, "possesses only one virtue, but that is of the simplest, namely, that he is superior in everything to everybody else." Mlle. Simonne, the star actress of the troupe, and the great Ecoublume come to Cardinet's house in order to dispose of pieces of their wardrobe, and the heart is at once put in a flame by the bright eyes of the lady. He engages the box, when suddenly his better-half appears. Madame Cardinet, it need hardly be said, does not approve of the theatre, and holds actors, and especially actresses, in horror. She makes observations on the ground-floor's husband which—coupled with the effect produced by Simonne's eyes—prove the last straw on the back of that poor man's patience, and he rushes out of the house, determined to have at least one evening's enjoyment. In the second act matters grow even worse for the domestic felicity of the Cardinets. The stare-necked lady is at her window, watching with melancholy resignation the pastrycooks bringing all sorts of choice viands to the Cafe de la Comedie, where the young swells of St. Malo are entertaining the actors at supper. And her husband is among those jovial spirits, and is even the poet of the company, for he has written most execrable verses in honor of Simonne's charms. Madame Cardinet grows at last so furious that she barricades the door, and when her lord and master returns he finds it necessary to force an entry into his own house. Goaded by passion, the unhappy man takes a sudden resolution, and runs away from wife, home, and St. Malo, to plunge into all the gayeties of fast life in Paris, under the propitious guidance of Mlle. Simonne. His pockets happen to be well lined, for by coincidence he has just come into a fortune which had given him during the day to place in the hands of her notary. This first part of the piece is all highly amusing, full of frank, jovial fun; but the concluding portion lags heavily enough, and the humor is strained. Now, for the first time, we have to do with the illustrious dramatic work of the piece its title. He is a Russian, the wealthy protector of the charming Mlle. Simonne, and that young lady, when she has drawn as much money and amusement from Cardinet as suits her purposes, prepares to send him back to St. Sauveur. Of course this interview with Cardinet, who takes in the most business-like way the conduct of the latter in carrying off Simonne from him. "You have her now," he says, "and you may keep her; you will have the pleasure of henceforth paying her debts, and when the 200,000 francs which I allow her" Cardinet is taken somewhat aback by the magnitude of these figures; but at last he has an inkling that he is being made game of, so he at once tackles the false Prince in the most free-and-easy way, slapping him on the back, poking him in the ribs, and saying to him with the most sovereign contempt if they take such a fellow as that for a Highness. At that instant the real Prince appears; but Cardinet treats him as just as much an impostor as Escoloubine, the result being that the Russian loses his temper and challenges the citizen of St. Malo to a duel. By the happiest luck in the world Cardinet wounds his adversary, and, returning in high feather to his abode, finds there his repentant wife, who has abjured all her former prudery, and, in order to please her husband, is ready to adopt the latest Paris fashions in her dress, and to make every sacrifice if only Cardinet will consent to return to St. Malo. The worthy citizen is nothing loth; he has had his spree in the gay capital, has squandered all his money, and Simonne has declared that she is not worthy of him, for that astute young lady has not the least intention of surrendering her grasp on the Russian's money-bags. In the cast appeared M. Geoffroy as Cardinet, Mlle. Alice Regnault as Mlle. Simonne, and M. Brasseur as Escoloubine.

"THE QUEEN'S JEWELS, OR THE PURITAN'S BRIDE."

A drama by E. Dodson, bearing the above title, was produced at the East London Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 25, upon which date that establishment was reopened under the management of Morris Abrahams. The plot is as follows: "The action commences on the eve of the battle of Edge Hill. Outside an old hostelry, villagers and others are preparing the revels to welcome home Sir Felix Devereux, a staunch old Royalist, who has been on foreign service for King Charles. Violet Devereux, during her father's absence, has clandestinely married a young Puritan (Walter Harcourt), whose rebel tendencies render it imperative (for the present) to keep their marriage a secret. Walter joins the rebel army, and their infant is entrusted to their mutual friend Captain Rowley, Violet, the Royalist's daughter (now a Puritan's bride), being left to divulge the secret to her father, and to implore his forgiveness. A discarded lover of Violet, one Ralph Brandon, has traced to the old hall (the residence of Sir Felix) a chest containing State jewels, sent there for safety by Queen Henrietta. This knowledge serves his treacherous purpose, and places the heroine in jeopardy. Sir Felix returns, and a furious cannonade announces the civil strife to have commenced. A rebel leader unwittingly seeks refuge at the hall, and Violet, knowing he fights on her husband's side, conceals him. The Royalist, Sydney Beauchamp, comes in search, and avows that the escaped rebel leader is Cromwell. Excited with success, he throws his glove on the table, expressing his desire to meet Cromwell alone. The challenge (for the present) is met by the rebel leader, silently emerging from his hiding-place, taking Sydney's glove, and leaving in its place his own iron gauntlet. The discovery is made, the secret panel is detected, but too late to secure the rebel, for the passage leads to a ruined abbey, and he has escaped. The strife is renewed, and the Puritans in turn triumph. The keys of the vault that contains the jewels fall into the hands of Brandon, but are recovered by Violet. Incensed at being foiled, Brandon fires the hall. A conflict ensues between him and Sir Felix, when Walter Harcourt arrives, but too late to save the old hall, and its pillage and destruction by fire closed act one. The second act introduces Cromwell successful, but apprehensive, and King Charles requests a parley. He fears treachery, and asks Walter to prepare for an emergency. At Brandon's request Cromwell grants an order for the arrest of Sir Felix and Violet. Walter hears this with horror, and determines to thwart it. He is also apprised that Rowley has returned with his child to England. Sir Felix and Violet have taken refuge at the old manor-house. Here Violet divulges her secret, and Sir Felix hears with agony that his daughter is a Puritan's bride. His love for a moment turns to hate; and, with bitter imprecations, he proceeds to curse her and her rebel husband. At an opportune moment Sir Felix is confronted with the child, this emblem of innocence staying the curse and making peace for Violet just as Brandon with his myrmidons arrive to arrest father and daughter, who are consigned to Gate-house Prison. The child, torn from its mother, is entrusted to the tender mercies of Brandon's accomplice. Walter is too late to stay these proceedings. His duties call him to the Maiden's Oak to attend a parley. Here he saves Cromwell's life, and we arrive at the close of act two. There is a lapse of time between the second and third acts; and when the curtain again rises we find that Charles the First has been defeated and beheaded, and that Cromwell reigns as Lord Protector. Sydney Beauchamp and other Royalists, with Sir Felix and his daughter, are incarcerated in the Old Gatehouse Prison, and Brandon has succeeded in abstracting the chest of Royal deeds and jewels from the ruins of Devereux Hall. He is, however, detected by Cromwell, and the treasure is transferred intact to the care of Walter. Brandon arouses the Protector's suspicions with regard to the prisoners, and he determines to interrogate them himself, and discovers that Violet is the lady who saved his life at Devereux Hall. The chest, by chance, is opened. The contents reveal Brandon's guilt, and proves the innocence of Violet and her father. The villain Brandon is led off to death, and the approval of the Protector is secured for the union of Walter Harcourt with the Royalist's daughter." The cast included James Carden as Oromwell, Mr. Charlton as Sir Devereux, Miss Granger as Violet, and Mr. Thomas as Harcourt.

"LES MARIAGES RICHES,"

a three-act comedy by M. Dreyfus, succeeded "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine" at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. A sketch of the plot is given below: "Hector Blandin is a young viveur, about to contract a wealthy marriage with Mlle. Ribaudet. But before this union can be accomplished he has to rid himself of his mistress, Amelie Cruchot, and, as the best means of attaining this end in an effective manner, determines to find a husband for her. He will give her a handsome marriage-portion, under pretext that she is his goddaughter, and will trust to the lady-manager of a matrimonial-agency to find the husband he is in search of. This person, Madame De Sainte-Herminie, has a large number of clients on her books, and is celebrated for her success in arranging rich marriages. In the present instance she has ready at hand exactly the *parti* of whom Hector is in quest. He is a well-preserved widower, with a moderate income. Hector has no idea of the fact at the time, but the gentleman selected by Madame De Sainte-Herminie to be the husband of the young man's cast-off mistress is no other than his own future father-in-law, M. Ribaudet. But Ribaudet has a brother-in-law, one M. Laviolette, whose wife is a fashionable milliner in the Chausee d'Antin. Amelie, while waiting for her marriage to be arranged, takes a situation in Mme. Laviolette's shop. The lady's husband runs away to hide himself the moment he perceives the girl. His conscience is oppressed by the remorseful recollection of a conjugal error which he had formerly committed, and he believes that Amelie is his daughter. He had reared and educated the girl, giving her as complete an education as belonged to a noble family, of which he was merely the steward, until one fine day she disappeared, and he had never heard of her since until she turned up in this unexpected way in his wife's shop. He hears of the marriage-portion which the girl has received from a godfather, of whose existence he has hitherto been unaware, and a sudden suspicion crosses his mind that perhaps he had been deceived by Amelie's mother, and that this generous individual may, after all, be the girl's real father. To clear up the matter he at once points off to Sainte-Herminie that he starts for St. Quentin, where he has been given to understand the giver of the marriage-portion lives. Naturally enough, his search for that individual proves fruitless; but he succeeds in discovering instead the real father of Amelie, to whom, in deference to the most ordinary rules of propriety, he cedes all the rights and duties of paternity which he had hitherto so unjustifiably fulfilled. This person happens to be a partner in the matrimonial agency. Old Ribaudet, it should be mentioned, when he comes to Mme. De Sainte-Herminie's office, recognizes in the photograph of Amelie's father, which is shown to him, that of future son-in-law's mistress, whom he was almost on the point of marrying without knowing it. The confusion to which all these incidents give rise is complicated by a pianiste, who is in love with Hector's fiancee. Hector is of course in a terrible state of perplexity when he discovers that he is likely to have for mother-in-law his former mistress. Finally, after a succession of the most ridiculous mistakes and *quidproquos*, all is arranged satisfactorily. Ribaudet will continue in his widowed state, Hector marries his daughter; and as for Amelie, she becomes as the lawful spouse of a petty provincial shopkeeper, who had sought the aid of the matrimonial agency in his lookout for a wife likely to look well behind his counter. The piece is more bustling than witty, but it contains several burlesque situations that are highly amusing enough." Delanoy appeared as Ribaudet, Parade as Laviolette, Joumard as Hector, and Mlle. Kalb as Amelie.

"CREMORNE,"

a "farcical comedy in three acts," by J. A. Palmer, was first acted at the Strand Theatre, London, Nov. 27. The story is described in these words: "It opens in the house of Mrs. Gayleigh, a young widow, who has as suitors Roderick Wildish, a rake, and Bob Joskin, 'a young man from the country,' aping the manners of the London snob. Roderick is the favorite suitor; for the widow, thinking with regret of the wild habits of her first husband, is deceived by the modest ways of the artful Roderick, who professes to be a patron of Exeter Hall, and whose heart is set upon no amusements more frivolous than such as are to be found at the Polytechnic. But Roderick has any number of strings to his bow. That very night he has promised to take to Cremorne a certain pretty dressmaker residing in the name of Mary Ann Stubbs, who, to his horror, he finds working in the very house of the lady to whom he has been making love. But Roderick is a man of many resources and unbounded impudence. He has just been 'cheeking it out' with old Joskin, who, he says, has accused him of attacks with flour and pea-shooters on the road from' the 'Derby,' and he now makes good his escape and avoids detection by *accidentally* throwing over the head of the pretty dressmaker the shawl which he has pretended to admire. The second act takes us to Cremorne, where Roderick is supposed to have gone to Exeter Hall with a bossted rich uncle, is sporting with the dressmaker. Mrs. Gayleigh has been induced by the Joskin family to accompany them to the same place, and what fun there is is caused by the attempts of Roderick to escape detection, and by the misfortunes of Mrs. Gayleigh's gardener, Job Hope, who, having obliged a friend by taking his place as a waiter, executes any number of orders without being able to get them right. In the third act we are again at Mrs. Gayleigh's house, she being full of remorse at the fright that she has been imposed upon. Her anger is not a little enhanced when she sees upon the finger of Mary Ann Stubbs the very ring which she had the previous day given to Roderick as a pledge of affection. Roderick once more comes to 'cheek it out.' He is the rather fast costume of the previous evening, and he meets the lady's reproaches with a torrent of words which are overwhelming. She must be mistaken through his extraordinary likeness to his cousin—his demure, sober, industrious, domesticated cousin—the patron of Exeter Hall. Roderick's impudence has the desired effect. He presently returns in more sober garb, and, having by a *ruse* regained possession of the ring, he still further convinces the lady of her error, although an amusing difficulty turns up in the fact that the artificial curl of the previous night has not yet departed from his hair. Complications, however, are ever, is at hand, for in Roderick Job Hope, in spite of any number of winks and nods, recognizes his scagegrace nephew. The game is up; there is nothing for it but confession and the hope of forgiveness and wineglths e curtain falls we are left to imagine that it will not be long ere Roderick Wildish and Lydia Gayleigh will have joined their hands and hearts and fortunes." W. H. Vernon was the Roderick, H. J. Turner the Jeremy, J. G. Taylor the Bob, Harry Cox the Job, Miss Sallie Turner the Mrs. Joskin, Miss Lottie Venn the Mary Ann, and Miss F. Brunell the young widow.

"PERFIDE COMME L'ONDE"

is the name of a one-act piece, by Octave Gastineau, recently produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. It is a mere sketch, intended to convey an idea of what the author probably imagines are the ordinary petty treacheries which ladies in high society are guilty of towards each other. A marquise and a baronne, Caroline De Merval and Fernande Du Plessis, are rivals for the affections of a high-placed lover. For the fermer lady's conduct may be found some excuse, for she is a widow, and would like, perhaps, to change her name once more; but Madame Du Plessis is married, and only on pleasure bent. The two ladies, who pass for the closest friends in the world, are exuberantly prodigal of all sorts of mutual sweet words and caresses, while all they are planning is what sort of ugly trick they can play each on the other. Madame De Merval arranges matters so cleverly that her friend is seen in a box at the opera with a fashionable man-milliner, whom she has been led to mistake for a grand seigneur; while Madame Du Plessis, not to be distanced by her rival, passes off her maid Juliette as a rich English noblewoman, Lady Bakston, and Madame de Merval takes her with her to a grand concert, at which all the Faubourg St. Germain is assembled. Finally the rivals discover that their mutual perfidies have not advanced or lowered them in the slightest degree in the estimation of the brilliant Marquis, at whom they have been setting their caps, as it appears he has been paying his attentions in the most prosaic way imaginable to no other than Juliette the maid.

RELICTS OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.—A valuable treasure has been recently received by the Peabody Museum of Yale College—nearly a thousand specimens of ancient pottery dug up in Missouri. They are supposed to be about 2,000 years old.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

CHRISTMAS BILL OF FARE for Minstrel Performers.

BY M. J. NEVILLE.

SOUP.
Chicken, with the "bones" removed.
FISH.
Shad *Roe*(a).
ENTREES.
Welsh Rarebits, Limburger Cheese packed in Cotton direct from Germany.
ROAST.
Pig with the *Et*(e)*ars* taken out.
VEGETABLES.
French Peas, (Sweetmeats) Potatoes.
GAME.
Pic done *Brown*.
DESSERT.
Rice Pudding, Preserved *Quinces*, *Persimmons*.
DRINKS.
Birch beer, *Kelly* Island Catawba, Old *Kentucky* Bourbon.
Dublin *Stout*. (This is a bad drink for any man that has *Sanedicted* to drinking. You can remove the "cork" from the bottle if you're *Armstrong*.)
REMARKS.

After you *Read* the Bill of Fare, you are requested to *Lean*(e)*tit* on the table, as it is kept for *Du*(l)*ty* use. Dinner ready when the *Horn* blows. The *Price* of dinner to *Newcom*(b)*ers* is $1. Gents will please hang their hats on the rack in the *Hall*. The *Bar* (is on the) *low*(er) floor beneath, superintended by a man from the *Western* country; but he has the *Powers* in him to make a good cocktail with very *Little* gin.

COME BACK TO ME, DARLING.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Come back to me, darling, and I miss you
Far more than I ever can say—
I'm longing to lovingly kiss you;
Oh, why do you tarry away?
'Tis many sad days since we parted—
I watch for thy sweet face in vain;
Why leave me so lonely hearted?
Come back to me, darling, again.
Chorus.—Come back to me, darling—I miss you,
The dear little queen of my heart;
Come back while I lovingly kiss you,
And tell thee how precious thou art.

Come back to me, darling—don't leave me,
But hasten once more to my side,
Where naught in the wide world shall grieve thee
Nor sadness nor sorrow betide.
Thy sweet face is haunting me ever—
I long for thy joyous refrain;
No longer each loving tie sever,
Come back to me, darling again.
Chorus.—Come back to me, etc.

Come back to me, darling, and cheer me
With promises ever so true;
While happy in lingering near thee,
My pledges of love I'll renew.
No sorrows shall darken the vision
Of moments that sweet

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Dec. 18.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Kittie (2)
Alexander, Laura
Allen, Eloise
Adriana, Cora
Almonte, Mrs. Emma
Butler, Mrs. Robt.
Blackford, Lillian
Bailey, Ella
Keane, Fannie
Brevoort, Kate (2)
Bellmont, Mrs. P. F.
Brandon, "Nell"
Baker, Ella
Blaisdell, Julia Peak 6c.
Bartholomew, Mrs. Mary
Bissell, Edith
Cleves, Miss L.
Celeste & E. Munrose, Belle
Carroll, Sarah E.
Cooke, Mrs. Jas. E
Croyton, Gussie
Copeland, Lizzie
Comarra, Marie
Conway, Mrs. Lizzie
De Granville, Mlle.
Dean, Amelia
D'Este, Mrs. Helen
Darwin, Jennie
Dargon, Augusta L. (2)
Deacon, Carrie
Delmay, Lu-lu
Dalton, Catharine
Devere, Helen
Dixon, Minnie S.
Dandass, Maria L.
Delmay, Lu-lu
Doherty, Nannie
Ellis, Millie
Ellis, Bessie
Elmore, Annie
Ellis Sisters
Eilenburg, Maude
Foy, Bertha
Francis, Lulu
Freeman Sisters
Grey, Alice (of Daly's 5th Ave. Co.)
Green, Annie
Geraldine, Mad.
Gilman Ada (of Daly's 5th Ave. Co.)
Harrison, Miss H. H. (2)
Hefin, Ella
Herpers, Carrie
Hughes, "Angie" B.
Hindle, Annie
Henri Sisters
Johns, Effie
Jenner, Amy
Keenan, Mrs. Nelson (2)
Kellogg, Madam
Kent, Fannie
Kimball, Estelle
Kaitzman, Pauline
Kingsbury, Alice
Larkell, Ella
Lyle, Miss M. L.
Leslie, Jennie late of Buffalo, N. Y.
Leigh, Alice
Lurline.—("Water Queen")
Lawrence, Nellie
Lipscombe, Sarah
Lee, Rosa (late of Baltimore, Md.)
Lawrence, Jennie
Murrey, Mrs. Geo.
Marsden, Mrs.
Manafield, Annie
Montrose, Jennie
Murrey, Mrs. Geo.
Marshall, Mary
Morgan, Jennie (of Howard Athen. Co.)
Moore, Elsie
Maggie
Nolen, Mrs. L. E.
Narcross, Hallie
Nixon, Alice
Neilson, Miss 6c.
Neville, Hattie
Newman, Mrs. M. J.
Newkamela, Miss
Putnam Troupe.
Katie
Pomeroy, Louise
Phillips, Adelaide
Pike, "Dollie"
Palmer, Minnie
Paynter, Grace V.
Reynolds, Victoria
Rathburne, Josie
Robertson, Blanche
Rowell, Kittie
Rainford, Alice
Sanford, "Lou"
Sharpe, "Dollie"
Somers, Alice
Sherwood, Annie
Selwyn, Blanche
Sauret, Madam
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Stetson, Evelyn
Smiley, Flora
Sarony, Nellie (late of Tooker's)
Slate, Mrs. "Pet"
Sidell, Clara
Smith, Fannie
Sinclair, Mrs. Harry
St. Clair, Lucy (of Aiken's Co.)
Steele, Sallie
Swiburne, Marie 5c.
St. Maur, Lu-lu
Taylor, Emma (niece Lura Keene)
Varetta, Lu-lu (2)
Vincent, Florence
Vincent, Emilie
Western, Lucille
Wallace, Minnie (of Wallace Sis.)
Wharton, Mary
Walters, Nellie
Wallace, Bella
West, Eva
Wurm, Marie
Walters, Annie
Windiate, Alice
Weathersby, Eliza
Young, Millie
Zephy, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Almonte, George
Austin, Chas. (late of Toronto, Can.)
Armstrong, Harry
Aiken, Frank E.
Ashley, F. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Adams, "Dere" (late of Cincinnati)
Ashley, E. (ventriloquist)
Armstrong, H. (of "Tony" Pastor's)
Arizona, Chas.
Allen & Earle
Atwood C. T. (agent)
Aiken, A. W.
Byrne, Ernest
Banks, D. C.
Brown, "Ben"
Bailey, W.
Buller & Lackie
Bailey, Geo. F.
Brooks, S. (from books)
Boyd, S. F. (agent)
Breen, W. L.
Blanchard, Harry
Bronson, Geo. R.
Bryant, Harry (late of Chicago)
Bishee, Frank
Bardwell, T. H.
Bagley, Wm. mins. or cir. biz")
Barker Bros.
Barker, "Tom" (of Bell & Barker)
Breyer, W. F. (2)
Burnett, "Alf"
Black, Frank
Blood, Col. H.
Barkley, Jno. (musician)
Belmont, Francis
Bell, "Pearl" (of Queen's Cir.)
Beehm, E.
Barrett, Wm.
Barlow, M. G.
Barre, J. H.
Blanchett, Chas. E.
Blodgett, "Wash"
Blitz, Jerome 6c.
Benjamin, H. (of Heywood Bros Co.
Brown, "Gus"
Barlow Bros.
Carlvale, G. (Japanese)
Cody, W. F. (2)
Collins & Hughes
Carlo, Wm.
Chase & Davis
Cummings, "Bill" (of Cummings, J. (late Pelehanty & Cain
Crabtree, Mr. 17c.
Childs, H.
Cohan, Harry (minst. "biz")
Cummings, Billy (song-and dance
Chipman & Z.
Campbell, F. G.
Carroll, W. B
Cavanna, Lew"
Chase, F. W.
Caywood, Chas.
Clark, J. D. (of Pavilion Co.)
Case, Thos. 11c.
Cooke, Chas. S.
Chanfrau, F. S.
Conklin, Ed. M.
Crowell, H.
Casenade, Mons.
Childs, J. H.
Chapman, H. (of Oates' Opera Co.)
Christy & Fields
Clark, F. (late of Haynes' Springfld)
Carter, L. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Cotton & Birdue
Cowan, W. H. A.
Carrillo, M. J. (2)
Clark, Philo.
Coleman, E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Coulter, Philip F.
Crossley, J. T. or J. S.
Crawford, J. W.
Cleary, "Ned" (song-and-dance)
Curtis, M. B.
Cullen, Jno. E. 6c.
Coon, Chas. S. (2)
Clarke, "Lew" & Ed.
De Mott, James
Davis, C. L.
De Mott, Eugene
De Haven, Claude
Duncan, Wm. T.
Dade, "Charlie"
Diamond, Chas.
Danforth, H.
Dupree, Chas. H. (2)
Delano, "Jepp"
Davis, Lewis (comed.)
Dutton, Wm.
Dixon, J. B. (minst. "biz")
Daly, J. C. (of Daly's Co.) 3c.
Danforth, H.
Donavin, J. W.
Durton, H. (of Murray's Cir.)
Doherty, E. (of Cole's Cir.)
Danes, H. A.
Douglas & Morton
Davis, W. H.
Emmerson, Frank (Irish "biz")
Emerson, Billy
Eagle, John
Emerson, P. minst. "biz")
Everton, Henry
Eck, W. T.
Everett, Paul
Foster & Dudley
Fowler, W. W.
Fulton, John E.
Forbush, Neil (2)
French, Eden
French, J. M. 5c.
Fanigan, Edward
Fox, Willie" (comique)
Fuller, Mr.
Fawcett, Owen
Ford, J. T.
Frost & Co., Hyatt
Fyffe, C. J.
Filkins, A.
Gardner, C. ("Hop Lgnt Loo")
Gilday & Ginnevan
Gothbold, Ellis (late of Philadel.)
Gibbons, Thos. (of Cincinnati)
Goss, "Ned" (of Goss & Fox) (2)
Gilday, C. (of Park Th., Brooklyn)
Gaston, Geo.
Guernella, — ("ventriloquist")
Gilday, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Gardner, Frank A.
Giammons, Antonine
Gardner, W. H.
Gregory, J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Gray, E. S.
Gray, C. manager)
Gulick, Jos. A.
Green, J. (of European Cir.)
Garitt, C. B.
Gardner, Chas (Dutch "biz")
Green, Geo.
Hayes, Ned" (of Fox "Willie" (comique)
Haller, Mr.
Hawe

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA TROUPE will give two performances at Easton, Pa., on Christmas, and at Trenton, Pa., on New-Year's day and evening. The people engaged to support Miss Wallace and Sam B. Villa are Lewis J. Mestayer, J. B. Swinburne, Walter Glassford, R. L. Mayer, J. L. Buckley, Harry Berlin, Miss Sadie Deshon, Lizzie Gale, Ada Harcourt, Nettie Allen, May Melville and little Kittie Villa. Professor Wertheim conducts the orchestra.

CHARLES FECHTER, assisted by Miss Lizzie Price, Cyril Searle and one of Manager Ford's companies, occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., during the past week. "Hamlet" was produced Dec. 11 to a large audience. "Ruy Blas" was given 12, 13, to light houses. During the remainder of the week "Monte Cristo" was presented to overflowing houses. In this play he fairly enthused his audiences, and was nightly called before the curtain. He was ably seconded by the Misses Price and Wellesley and Messrs. Cyril Searle, Walter Treville, W. H. Bokee and G. W. Denham. The scenery was nearly all new, and reflected credit upon the scenic artist. Mr. Fechter and Miss Price open in Richmond, Va., Dec. 18. A matinee was given Dec. 13 for the benefit of the Brooklyn sufferers, when Joseph Murphy and the company supporting him at the Opera-house volunteered their services, appearing in "Kerry Gow." Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance fell below the expectations of the management. "The Two Orphans" will be produced 25. Miss Kate Claxton has been engaged to play Louise.....At Ford's Opera-house Joseph Murphy, supported by a brilliant cast from Manager Ford's double company, appeared in "Kerry Gow" to remunerative attendance throughout the week. The play was placed upon the stage in good style, with new scenery throughout, and the support rendered by the company was first-class. He plays in Baltimore this week. Letter of Dec. 17.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY, except leading lady, is wanted immediately by W. A. Boyd. See card.

A CARD OF THANKS to C. W. Bowser, from his former company, is published in another column.

GEO. H. TYLER'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" PARTY collapsed in Greencastle, Ind., 13.

KITTIE B. ELBERTS, soubrettes and juveniles, can be addressed for engagements as per card, in which appear several extracts from the press, praising the lady as an intelligent and vivacious actress.

MUSICAL.

J. G. RUBIN, clarionet and valve-trombone player, advertises for an engagement.

CHAS. T. MARSH, leader of brass-band and orchestra; E. J. Baker, solo B-flat cornet-player, and E. C. Glasford, second-violin and solo-trombone player, now traveling with E. S. Washburn, will be at liberty after Jan. 4. For address see dates in our advertising department.

RICE & GODWIN'S AMERICAN OPERA-BOUFFE TROUPE in "Evangeline" held the boards at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., during the entire week ending Dec. 16. They were originally engaged and billed for 11, 12, 13. W. J. Fleming in "Custer" was to have finished the week, but such was the hit that a matinee was put on 13, and the opera-troupe was kept on the week. Business was large. Laura Joyce, billed for Evangeline, was not here, having gone home sick, from Albany, but the role was cleverly played by Miss Webster, a smart little lady of the chorus. On the 13th, Kitty Blanchard, impersonating Gabriel, was thrown from the boat in making her first appearance in the act, and so seriously bruised that she could not appear for half an hour, and then only to walk through the part. She was in her usual good spirits, however, on the 14th, and thereafter. The Trojans were delighted with Harry Hunter as the Cane Fisherman; M. W. Fiske as Le Blanc, Harry Josephs as Catherine, N. C. Goodwin Jr. as Capt. Dietrich, Golden and Dixey in the heifer-dance, etc., E. S. Tarr as the King, and C. Rosine as the stuttering sergeant. The orchestra, under Harry Braham, was the best heard in the house for some time. Before the play, N. C. Goodwin Jr. gave clever imitations of Gus Williams and John T. Raymond, tolerable ones of Sothern and Frank Mayo, and a poor one of Lawrence Barrett. Kitty Blanchard's engagement terminated 16, and Eliza Weathersby assumes her old role of Gabriel in Rochester 18. Laura Joyce will rejoin the troupe on its return to Boston. Advices of Dec. 17.

ROSE D'ERINA was billed for concerts at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 11, 13, 15. The first she fulfilled to a fair house, but the remainder of the week the lady was ill. She was to sing again 17.

THE ARION SOCIETY of Cincinnati, O., produce "Maritana" at Robinson's Opera-house Dec. 20. J. F. Dunnine, formerly of minstrel fame, is the tenor. Miss Cora Dean and H. J. Wetherell, both of the Davenport Dramatic Club, are the soprano and baritone. Dr. Will Taft is the bass.

THE LATEST ISSUES OF NEW MUSIC by Harding can be found mentioned in his card in this issue.

THE ARION CLUB gave its first concert this season on the 4th inst. at Association Hall, Germantown, Philadelphia. The programme included solos by Miss Jennie L. Barnes, soprano, and L. Engelke, violoncellist, the whole under the direction of Michael W. Cross, their new leader.

CARL GAERTNER and orchestra commenced a season of Thursday-afternoon concerts at Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. The soloists were Charles H. Jarvis, Mrs. E. M. Hunt and Carl Gaertner.

MISS SELMA BERG'S lecture on music, and concert by Sweedish quartet, which were to have been given at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 14th inst., were indefinitely postponed.

THE CENTENNIAL CHORUS of Philadelphia is now permanently organized, and has adopted the title of the Thomas Choral Society, in compliment to the leader, Theodore Thomas. It is proposed during the Winter to give at least two concerts at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia gave their third monthly concert on the 11th inst., at Musical Fund Hall, in that city. Amongst those who assisted was Miss Florence Davenport, a younger daughter of the tragedian E. L. Davenport, and who displayed the possession of a well-cultivated contralto voice.

THE SOLDENE OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY open at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 25th of December in "Madame L'Archidue" and "Trial by Jury."

THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, Mass., will be "The Messiah," and will be performed Sunday next, 24th inst., in Music Hall, Carl Zerrahn conductor.

MME. ANNETTE ISSHOFF, pianist, will make her first appearance in Philadelphia on the 26th inst., at Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

PROF. EDMUND CLARK advertises to teach several instruments and to give singing lessons.

CIRCUS MANAGERS can engage a band and orchestra of eight or more first-class musicians by addressing G. W. Dixon, care of this office.

SOLDENE'S ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA COMPANY began an engagement at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 11, opening to a fair house, which improved greatly each night. The matinee Dec. 13 was set apart for the benefit of the Brooklyn sufferers, and, notwithstanding the great exertion used upon the part of the management, a fair attendance only was the result, realizing about $250.

ANNA DICKINSON, supported by her own dramatic company, appeared last week to a fair attendance at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., "A Crown of Thorns" being the representation every evening excepting Saturday, when "Enoch Arden" was produced by Miss Dickinson's company for the benefit of the French Benovolent Society. Miss Dickinson as Anne Boleyn in "A Crown of Thorns" had a good reception and made a fair impression.

THE HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY occupied the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week, presenting "Girofle-Girofla," "Mme. Angot," "Princess Trebizonde," "La Baby Blue," "Somnambula" and "Grand Duchess." The Holman Sisters—Misses Sallie and Julia—acquitted themselves creditably, as did also Messrs. Brandisi, Ellis Ryse, Holman and Barton. The choruses were good, but lacked strength. Business fair. Dec. 18, the Mahony Troubadours commenced a week's engagement.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE gave performances at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 11, 13, 15, and on Dec. 16 afternoon of the 13th. The pieces presented were "The Bohemian Girl," "Flying Dutchman," "Star of the North," and "Martha." Business very large, especially Friday night, when there was a crush.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, the Boston Lyceum Company gave "Martha" 14, "Maritana" 15, and "Bohemian Girl" 16, to large and fashionable audiences.

SOLOS for professional and amateur banjoists, arranged simply and explained, can be obtained of Al. Baur, who advertises.

JOHN WHITELEY joined Payson's English-opera Troupe in Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11. He is to have charge of J. H. Haverly's interest in that company.

CHEAP BANJO MUSIC and strings can be purchased of the Dime Banjo Music Company, who advertise.

HARDING has just issued a new song, by Jas. Campbell, entitled "The Brooklyn Fire," which he strongly recommends in his card elsewhere to the consideration of vocalists.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB gave a concert before an appreciative audience in Chicago, Ill., at McCormick's Hall Dec. 12, being the fifth entertainment of the Star Lecture Course. The next entertainment occurs Jan. 9, and will consist of a concert by the Smith-Whitney Combination..... Owing to the great success of their previous season, the Kellogg English-opera Troupe return to McVicker's for another season, opening in "Il Trovatore" Dec. 18..... J. H. Haverly has entered into partnership with E. S. Payson in the management of the Payson English-opera Troupe. They appear Dec. 23 at Haverly's Theatre.....The Beethoven Society gave its first concert of the season in McCormick's Hall Dec. 14..... Emil Liebling's second pianoforte-recital occurred at Reed's Temple of Music on the afternoon of Dec. 15. Advices of Dec. 16.

BAY STATE OPERA COMPANY are to sing in Portland, Me., Dec. 27, Bangor 29.

PAYSON OPERA COMPANY are to perform in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 27.

HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION are to sing in Brockton, Mass., Dec. 28.

ALICE OATES' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE closed an engagement of five nights in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Dec. 15. The attendance was only fair.

A WELL-KNOWN BAND AND ORCHESTRA LEADER can be engaged by applying to Musical Director, as per card.

JOHN RUTLEDGE'S SONGS "Happy Again, as of Old," and "The Grave of Mabel Clare" are published by H. G. Hollenberg, who advertises. Mr. Rutledge is well known to our readers as a contributor to our columns.

F. W. HELMICK of Cincinnati, O., publishes a new serio-comic song entitled "Cardinal-red and Navy-blue."

VARIETY HALLS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.—We have extended the time for receiving advertisements to December 27, and such of our patrons as desire to have their cards appear in THE ALMANAC will please send in their favors not later than that date. Rates and further particulars can be found in our advertising department.

BART SMITH and Dave O'Brien opened Oddfellows' Hall, Covington, Ky., Monday, Dec. 11, as a regular variety theatre, for the Winter season, showing Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week. The opening people were Foley and Waters, song-and-dance and clog; J. F. Lawson, acrobat; Tom Haley, Irish specialties; Miss Georgie Morris, serio-comic songs, etc.; and the following dramatic people in "The Young Detective:" T. C. Collins, C. S. Broadwell, B. Smith, O. Coolahan, D. O'Brien, R. Watson, Miss Effie De Rock. Business fair. To open 16: Retlaw Bros., gymnasts, four in number; Dick Burton, Dutch specialties; Wayman Bros., exposure of spiritualism; Billy Ford, comedian. The remaining three nights are put in in adjacent towns.

AT STEWART'S VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the new faces on Dec. 16 were Miss Anita Pearl, Mullen and Elsin, and the McDermott Sisters.

JOHNNY JENKINS is performing at Miller's Variety Theatre, Deadwood, Black Hills, D.T. He requests, in his card elsewhere, Ned and Willie Ainsley to write.

MARTHA WREN (COLLINS), who has been seriously ill with congestion of the brain, is now at her home in Philadelphia, Pa., and is recovering.

ADAH RICHMOND is now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., where all communications can be directed.

A NUMBER OF PERFORMERS are wanted by Geo. E. Stone burner, who advertises.

ROSELLE, female impersonator, advertises for an engagement.

AT SLOSSER'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Danville, Ill., performers in all branches of the business can find dates by addressing Manager J. E. Green, who advertises. Manager Green informs us that he will donate the receipts of the house Dec. 18 to the fund for the sufferers by the late fire at Brooklyn, N. Y. The arrivals for the week ending Dec. 16 were Mabel Gray, vocalist; Billy Maloney, song-and-dance; and Master Harry, musical specialist. The company also includes H. Von Brun, pianist and leader; Joseph Kerns, banjoist; Girard, comedian; Barker and Cran, song-and-dance, etc., all under the direction of J. E. Green.

THE AUSTIN BROTHERS, in their rifle-shooting specialties, recently concluded successful engagements in Boston, Mass., and Providence, R. I., and insert in another column extracts from journals published in those cities, which eulogize their expertness as marksmen. They are now performing at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., and have one week vacant after each of the following dates: Dec. 25, Jan. 15, 1877, Feb. 5. Managers can address them care of this office.

COOL BURGESS' TROUPE as route here given: Ogdensburg, N. Y., 13, Gananoque, Ont., 14, Kingston 15, Napanee 16, Coborne 18, Campbellford 19, Hastings 20, Sterling 22, Grafton 23, Whitby 25, Peterboro 26, and Lindsay 27. Business is reported good.

THE MERRY BISHOPS are to appear in an extravaganza entitled "Splinters" in Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 25, Reading 26, Columbia 27, Lancaster 28, Danville 29. The organization is as follows: W. H. Bishop, manager and property-man; R. C. Hill, stage-manager; Charles B. Griste, business agent; company: W. H. Bishop, R. C. Hill, Frank Swift, B. Reynolds, the Yeamans Sisters—Jennie and Lydia—Rose Bishop, Anna Yeamans, Frances Bishop, Adelaide Stanton, J. Kaufman, and A. Kaufman leader of orchestra.

AT THE CENTENNIAL THEATRE, Fort Worth, Texas, under the proprietorship of J. Lowe, assisted by Harry Devere as business and stage manager, the company at our latest advices included Sam Charles, Ned Lang, James and Leona Le Claire, George Filmore, Arthur Ferguson, the Garrow Sisters, Kitty Fisher, May Connolly, Kosure and La Mond, Ted O'Lacy, and T. N. Wilson. Departures: The Le Claires and T. N. Wilson, destination unknown; and Kosure and La Mond to Dallas. Billed to appear: Ada Montrose and the Newton Sisters.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Germantown (Pa.), the company last week included Max Walhalla, Eugene Laveille, Fred and Nellie Mackley, Stella Beaumont, Jule Keen, Prof. Gorman, Marie Davids, M. W. Heppard, Katie Forrest and Master Frank Martin.

BILLY MACK, dramatic and variety agent, advertises in another column.

AT PARKER'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Reading, Pa., the attendance was fair for the past week. The new arrivals were Sullivan and Curdy, George S. Garland, and Cherrie Chapman, La Petite Estelle, Edna Wellington, Dan Sully, Nealy and Hughes did a neat juggling act. Winona Bridges did not close, as announced, but announced to open 18: J. Holmes Grover Jr., Matt Green, Nellie Weeks.....Madame Ninon Duclos opened on 13 in her new quarters, and business has been remunerative. The auditorium, which will accommodate about four hundred persons, presents a very neat appearance. The stage and scenery were constructed under the supervision of Lew Faust, formerly of Hooley's, Chicago. Owing to the preparations for opening being completed sooner than was expected, the company was not as large as desirable. The specialty portion of the bill as a part, with Chas. King as Bones, Frank Gayton as Tambo, and Ninon Duclos as Interlocutor. In the olio, Frank Russell was seen in serio-comic songs and changes, Lou Howard in new specialties and ballads, Lottie and Frankie Russell in songs-and-dances, Kitty Norton in serio-comic songs, Frank Gayton and Chas. King in a laughable negro act. The performance concluded with "The Minuet," with Madame Duclos as the premier. Dr. T. W. Weeks is musical director. Announced to open 18: Chase and Williams. Letter of Dec. 16.

AT SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, Dec. 11, the new people were McHealy and Ella Saunders, who were seen in statue-clogs, and later in black-face specialties; Louisa Bliss in serio-comic songs, and later with B. S. Hodges in a sk-tch, "One Year after Marriage," which was quite amusing; Josie Heron and Jennie Eagan in ballet dances; Frank Lewis in character songs; Hanson and Heiser on the trapeze, the latter making his first appearance on any stage; and Adele Leonard, who were all fair. Business ruled fair—weather foul. Closed 16: Healey and Saunders and Carrie Boshell, to Hamilton, Ont.; Frank Lewis, to New York. Announced for 18: Chas. and Carrie Austin, the Austin Brothers, Eugene Blitz, Mollie De Marr, and the Hennessey Brothers. Letter of Dec. 17.

THE BROADWAY VARIETIES, Williamsburg, L. I., was opened Dec. 16 with the following company: John J. Delfield, Morrissy Little, Harry Monroe, Jennie Rogers, Andy Conrad, Delmanning and Fields, the Troy Brothers, Dick Burke, John Padden, and Frank Lester.

NEOSKALETAS was the fresh arrival last week at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va. Lulu and Admiral Yale and Lillie Linden are billed for Dec. 19.

BELLE CELESTE has again joined her former partner, C. C. Maathews, and they will in future be known as Celeste and Matthews. They can be engaged through Carlisle & Caverly, who advertise in this issue.

PROF. GUS HARTZ, illusionist, has a few open dates. He announces elsewhere that he can be engaged to appear in first-class variety theatres at a reasonable salary.

BARTON'S OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, closed Dec. 16. Business the past week was only fair. Manager Wild will open his new theatre about Christmas.

A. J. WHITCOMB, solo-harpist, and Mrs. Norma Whitcomb, vocalist, can be engaged after Dec. 25. Address care of this office.

HARRY G. RICHMOND is still performing with success in this city.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Chicago, Ill., a change has occurred in the management. Messrs. McCoy, Emmett and Woodward are now the proprietors; William Emmett, manager; William Fitzgerald, stage-manager. The theatre will be opened Jan. 1, 1877, and performers desiring engagements are requested to address as above.

ANNIE HINDLE IS NOT IN ENGLAND.—Bob Mack, the dramatic and variety agent of Cincinnati, O., informs us that Miss Hindle went from this city to New Orleans, La., about the middle of October last, to fulfill a four weeks' engagement in New Orleans, La., and from there to Galveston, Texas.

FRANK HASSALL, Dutch, Irish and negro specialty artist and comedian, now performing at the Norfolk, Va., Varieties, will be at liberty after Jan. 24, and can be addressed care of this office.

THE SISTERS DUVALLI—Heloise and Rosalie—dancers, actresses and vocalists, who have just arrived in San Francisco, Cal., from Australasia, will commence an engagement at the Grand Opera-house, that city, Christmas. Managers will find further particulars in our business department.

HARRY AND FANNIE WOOD, with a company of variety artists, including Joseph Arthur and the Love Sisters, are to show in Canton, O., Dec. 23, 25, with Christmas matinee.

THE NOVELTIES which Manager Hopkins of the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., presents weekly serve to delight his patrons. George Kurtz and Nellie Brooks opened Dec. 11. There also appeared last week the following people: Delehanty and Hengler, Carle, Miss Sanford and the Bennetts. The departures 16 were J. D. Griffin and Frank and Eva Bennett. For this week the following attractions are announced: A pantomime by Robert Butler called "The Magic Trumpet," Alida Showers, Frank George and Bryant and Williams.....Manager Stahl declined the Academy of Music last week for lack of patronage. Several of the stars engaged have appeared at the Comique. Advices of Dec. 17.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., the attractions for week ending Dec. 16 were Henry and Lizzie Douds, Dick Mack, McVickers and Sanders, and the Orrin Brothers in acrobatic acts. Arrivals 18: Kit Carson, the Norman Bros., the Boyd Bros., Lydia Rosa and Prof. Slowman. Departures Dec. 16: Dick Mack, to Toledo; the Orrin Bros., to Chicago; and Miss Sallie Mason and R. Ferguson, to Detroit, where they will join Madame Rentz's Minstrels.....Matt Morgan's Novelty Company is billed for Dec. 21, 22, 23.

THE NEW FACES at Smith's Opera-House, Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 11, were Johnson and Bruno and DeWitt Cook, and departures 16 Alta Hallett and Mlle. Marcelus, to Toledo; and DeWitt Cook to Chicago. Harry and Mary Thompson and Dick Devlin open 18. Business only fair.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., a capital variety olio has been given, including the musical performances of the Sharpleys, the acrobatic feats of the Snow Brothers and their troupe of performing dogs, the pleasing vocalisms of Jennie Engle, Iona Lang and Louise Franklin, the acrobatic dances of Mason and Dixon, two new (to this place) and excellent song-and-dance men, the admirable musical performances of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kelly, the wonderful equilibristic feats of Little Todd, the Irish vocalisms of Harry Clarke, and the trapeze performances of the Levanion Brothers, always good. The performances concluded with a good three-act drama entitled "Christmas Bells," in which the regular company appeared to advantage. The same bill will constitute the attraction of another week, with a new play substituted for the present one. Tony Denier is to perform in one of his own pantomimes Christmas-week..... At the Coliseum, a steady business has been done, and, as usual, a good entertainment provided. The new burlesque of the Brahams, "Pygmalion and His Gal-a-dear," has pleased; the Miacos have been received as warmly as ever; and Manchester and Jennings have repeated their successes. Departures: The Brahams, to St. Louis; and Wm. Devere and Ella Arnold, to Indianapolis. Dec. 17, Ed. and Alice Murray, Adrienne Grey, and Fernando Fleury appear.....Pat Rooney will appear with Morris' Hibernicon party, of which J. H. Haverly has become a comanager, at the New Chicago Theatre during the weeks beginning Dec. 25 and Jan. 1. Letter of Dec. 16.

THE NEW YORK ART STATUE AND VAUDEVILLE COMPANY closed at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., Dec. 9. Their route has been already announced. On the 10th several persons announced were prevented from keeping their engagements on account of the delay of the trains in which they were to arrive. Miss Maud De Lisle appeared Dec. 11, and, although suffering from a severe cold, was well received in serio-comic songs. Miss Clara Belmont, another new candidate for popular favor, gave evidence in operatic selections of a flexible, strong and well-trained voice. Eugene F. Gorman opened 10, giving a flutina solo which received approbation. Miss Ada Laurent, Susie Starr, Frank Marrs, Charley Armstrong and the Lawrence Sisters are still at the St. Charles. Announced for 17, the "Tells of America." Advices of Dec. 13.

A STAGE ACT, comprising fire-eating, wax, lead, etc., can be learned of Turner, as per card.

THE "MEMPHI" OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., has been doing a moderate business during the past week. The departures were Will Stowe, Burt Stowe and Mlle. Marcelus, on the 12th, for Texas.....The Washington-street Variétes, under the management of Isaac Acheson, has been favored with good houses. The company playing at present consist of J. O'Brien, stage-manager; Minnie Herndon, May Meacham, Maggie Louise, Maggie Hunter, Miss Josephine, Master Phil Spaeth, Johnny Fisher and Johnny Clifton.

THE FONTAINEBLEAUS—Leona, Blanche and Ella—are now in the ninth week of their engagement at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. They can be addressed as per card for dates.

RIFLEY advertises to teach the trapeze business for the stage.

DEATH OF ONE OF THE SNOW BROTHERS.—Daniel J. Crowley, better known to the profession as Dan Snow, one of the Snow Brothers, acrobats, died at the residence of his mother-in-law, in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 10, at 2.10 o'clock P. M., at the age of twenty-four years, he having been born in Boston, Mass., on Thanksgiving Day. The cause of his demise was a strain which he received during his performances, which compelled him to give up his business in Philadelphia, Pa., in July last, and he at once went to Buffalo, where he remained until his death. This strain affected his lungs, throat and head. He suffered terrible pain, and was delirious during four days immediately preceding his death. His remains were forwarded to Boston, Mass., in charge of his mother, widow and sister-in-law. Owing to his long-continued sickness, his means were entirely exhausted, and he left a young widow without issue, who has to pay a large bill for physicians' services as well as other incidental expenses. Owing to the sad position in which she finds herself, she desires to appeal to the profession for pecuniary assistance; and if any of the professional friends, associates and acquaintances of the deceased feel disposed to aid her, they can send their contributions to Mrs. Lizzie Crowley, No. 463 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y. She desires publicly to return thanks to Alf. McDowell and other members of Dan Shelby's company, in Buffalo, for many favors extended to herself, as well as to her husband, before his death.

VARIETY NEWS from Cincinnati, O., to Dec. 15, comes as appended from our correspondent: "The fresh appearances at the National Theatre Comique 15 were Leslie and Ashton and Frank Jones. Leslie is the lank-haired son of Avery and Alice Hicks, and together they do a very pretty double-bar act. Jones appeared in a variety of characters in his sensational melodrama 'The Black Hand,' playing a number of musical instruments, and displaying considerable versatility. The company supported him well. The entrance has been on the following close 16: The Vaidis Sisters, destination undecided; Ella Davis, Indianapolis; Nully Pieris and Annie Fox, St. Louis; Burt Clark, Indianapolis. Billed for 18: Will H. Stowe and performing dogs, Mlle. De Conrsey, Davis Burt, Jr., Mlle. Eva Sisters and Letha Weber.....Billy Pastor's Troupe gave three performances at Masonic Temple, commencing 11, but, on account of counter attractions, the attendance was limited. The Foy Sisters were very good, and the entire troupe was a fair one, and deserved better patronage." Letter of Dec. 16.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the attendance was excellent during the week ending Dec. 16, the fresh features of the programme presented being the specialties of Sheridan and Mack, Miss Nellie St. John, the Leslie Brothers and Hugh Fay. Sheridan and Mack were received with marked approbation in their clever sketch entitled "Dot Liddle House Ofer Der Rhine." Miss Nellie St. John in her ballads was well received, she possessing a voice in which power and sweetness are well blended. The Leslie Brothers proved themselves to be a source of considerable attraction in a capital acrobatic act. The new ballet of "Orgia E Passo Demoni," and the dancing of Mlles. Lupo, Elise, Helene Smith, Christine Robinson, and the Clinetop Sisters spoke well for the ability of the veteran ballet-master George W. Smith. High Fay was very good in Michael O'Hara in the concluding drama of "The Fastest Boy in Philadelphia." On the 18th inst. will appear the Richmond Sisters, Huber and Glidden, Sam Baylis, and Western and Walling. N. B. Fithian, the treasurer of this establishment, has resigned, and E. G. Stone, formerly the treasurer of Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, now fills the vacancy.

THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, on Samson street above Eighth, Philadelphia, was opened on Saturday evening, the 16th inst., the following people being Barney Reynolds, stage-manager; the Yeamans Sisters, Miss Emma Verne, Miss Ida Greenfield, Miss Sadie Merrell, Miss Sallie Burton, Miss Jennie Deazer, the Blossoms, Nellie and Walla Leonard, Charles O'Brien and Charles Davis.

SKIFF & GARDNER'S VARIETIES, late Ladner's Military Hall, Philadelphia, was opened on the 16th inst. under the management of Low Gaylord.

A YOUNG MAN wants an engagement as a North-of-Ireland vocalist. See B. L.'s card.

PERFORMERS are wanted at the Ninon Duclos' New Winter-garden Theatre, Reading, Pa., just completed and opened. See advertisement.

PERFORMERS desiring engagements at Noonan's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., are referred to the proprietor's card.

THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES, Troy, N. Y., opens Dec. 18 under the proprietorship of Albert Webb, for some years manager of Proctor's theatre in that city, and formerly of several music-hall orchestras in London. Hiram Hogle of Troy, formerly with James Mass in a wagon variety enterprise, and later lessee of the Barton Opera-house, Syracuse, is business-manager. Mabel Barrington, formerly with Harrigan & Hart's Dramatic Company, is to lead the orchestra, and J. H. Marshall is to be the stage-manager. The company billed to open consists of Messrs. J. H. Marshall, Cummings and Hines, John Egbert, Dick Berthelon, Mons. Florentine, Misses Lillie Ellis, Georgie Day, Minnie Sparks, Sophie Sopini, Thorne. Sacred concerts by fourteen pieces of a local band are announced for Sunday evenings.

ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, has undergone a complete and thorough renovation, and now presents a fresh and pleasing aspect. An excellent programme was given last week, under the supervision of John R. Lane, the stage-manager, and which introduced the Morosco Family in a capital gymnastic act, and Nellie Germon in serio-comic songs. Jerome and Cameron open on the 18th inst. A complimentary benefit to the veteran Ethiopian comedian Tony Wright has been arranged to take place on the 21st inst., when a large number of volunteers will appear.

BILLY HARRISON, Nellie Santord and Emma Smith were the new faces at Noonan's Varieties, Philadelphia, last week. Sam Nichols, the superintendent, had a large attendance at his benefit on the 13th inst. Miss Dolly Davenport, Miss Kitty Smith, Mel Kurtz and Denny Mack open on the 18th inst. Mel Kurtz is now the stage-manager.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces on the 11th inst. were Maggie and Billy Ray in their sketches, and Morton, Searles and Mlle. Lawrence in an excellent trapeze act. The Chapman and Chrisdie Pantomime Combination—Miss Bertha Krouse, Miss Lottie Horton, Tom Elviro and Alfred Martinetti—open on the 18th inst.

THOMAS R. JOHNSON, formerly of the Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, is now managing the Germantown Opera-house, in the suburbs of that city, with W. Heppard as stage-manager, and Max Wallhalla, Jule Keen, Fred and Nellie Mackley, and Prof. Gorman as his leading performers.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., the new faces seen Dec. 10 were Dunbar and Ashton, who did the finest horizontal-bar act seen here in a long time; Fanny Reynolds, a pleasing serio-comic vocalist; Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, whose medley and "Dancing Quakers" received a double encore; Hattie Sills, who exhibited her troupe of trained dogs; and the La Rue Family—William, Johnny and Willie—whose acrobatic feats were performed with surprising grace and skill. Stage-manager Dick Parker's benefit 14 was a grand success, the house being jammed. A host of volunteers assisted. During the evening the beneficiary was called before the curtain and presented with a purse of $100 in silver, a gift of the attaches of the house, and a scarf-pin, said to be valued at $50, the donation of Mlle. Emaline and Nelly Woods, members of the ballet. Otto Burbank made the presentation speech, and Mr. Parker responded with feeling. The D'Alve Sisters and Sig. R. Abecco close Dec. 16. To open 17: Harry and Lizzie Braham, Burt Clark and the Turner Bros.....Dora Bishop joined the company at Looney's Dec. 10. Wiley Hamilton, a change-artist, with a large and elegant wardrobe, is one of the main features. His act is very clever.....The company at the Novelty remains unchanged. Letter dated Dec. 15.

GEORGE H. COES and Luke Schoolcraft were respectively presented with elegant gold-headed canes on the stage of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, by a number of their friends, who selected N. D. Jones of that city to make the presentation speech.

BUSINESS at Ward's Opera-house, Paterson, N. J., continues good. Conway, Mack, Petit and White have formed a combination under the name of "The Four Invincibles," and received four and five encores each night. Announced for 18: Harry Shay, Fru-Fru and Hazel Exod, Frankie Johnson, Conners and Coleman, Emma Rice, May Marshall (who failed to appear last week in consequence of the burning of her wardrobe) and James Roome. Departures 16: Conway, Mack, Petit and White, Mlle. Zittella and Morgan and Welsh lay off; Minnie Lonsdale and Wm. Gaylord, to Newark. Letter of the 18th.

THE ST. FELIX SISTERS, who have just concluded a successful engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, publish their address in another column, and would like to hear from responsible managers.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., attracted large audiences during the past week. Milton Nobles, supported by Miss Fanny Burt and the stock company, in the familiar play of "Jim Bludsoe," and Miss Minnie Seamon in serio-comic songs, were the fresh attractions Dec. 11. Joe Goss and Steve Taylor appeared Dec. 14, 16, 16, in sparring exercises. Jake Budd was the recipient of a double benefit at the matinee and evening performances Dec. 13. The departures 16 were Goss and Taylor to the Central, Baltimore, and Mollie Wilson to New York. Announcements for 18: the Gem Ballet Troupe, led by Frankie Christie, Niles and Evans, Harry Fox and Annie Rochefort. A performance will be given on the 22d inst. for the benefit of the Brooklyn sufferers, the entire company volunteering, and Manager Rodgers giving the entire proceeds resulting from the sale of tickets both at the box-office and by outside parties. Dated Dec. 17.

PROF. LAWRENCE'S STATUE TROUPE, Mattie Bliss, and Blanche Saville were the new faces at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., Dec. 11. Prof. Lawrence's troupe is decidedly an attractive card. Mattie Bliss proved to be a good dresser, and took well. Carrie Bentley, who was announced for the 11th, arrived too late, and Manager Putnam canceled the engagement. Notwithstanding strong counter attractions, business during the week has been the best of the season. Blanche Saville closed 16. Neoskaletas is announced for 18.....The Virginia Opera-house, under the management of Spaulding & Robinson, opened for the season Dec. 11 with the following company: W. P. Brown, interlocutor; Billy Lanning, bones; Charles Barrett, tambo; Wm. Sparks, Jr., and Master Hicks, and together they do a very pretty double-bar act. Jones appeared in a variety of characters in his sensational melodrama 'The Black Hand,' playing a number of musical instruments, and displaying considerable versatility. The company supported him well. The entrance has been on the following close 16: The Vaidis Sisters, destination undecided; Ella Davis, Indianapolis; Nully Pieris and Annie Fox, St. Louis; Burt Clark, Indianapolis. Billed for 18: Will H. Stowe and performing dogs, Mlle. De Conrsey, Davis Burt, Jr., Mlle. Eva Sisters and Letha Weber.....Billy Pastor's Troupe gave three performances at Masonic Temple, commencing 11, but, on account of counter attractions, the attendance was limited. The Foy Sisters were very good, and the entire troupe was a fair one, and deserved better patronage." Letter of Dec. 16.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the attendance was excellent during the week ending Dec. 16, the fresh features of the programme presented being the specialties of Sheridan and Mack, Miss Nellie St. John, the Leslie Brothers and Hugh Fay. Sheridan and Mack were received with marked approbation in their clever sketch entitled "Dot Liddle House Ofer Der Rhine." Miss Nellie St. John in her ballads was well received, she possessing a voice in which power and sweetness are well blended. The Leslie Brothers proved themselves to be a source of considerable attraction in a capital acrobatic act. The new ballet of "Orgia E Passo Demoni," and the dancing of Mlles. Lupo, Elise, Helene Smith, Christine Robinson, and the Clinetop Sisters spoke well for the ability of the veteran ballet-master George W. Smith. High Fay was very good in Michael O'Hara in the concluding drama of "The Fastest Boy in Philadelphia." On the 18th inst. will appear the Richmond Sisters, Huber and Glidden, Sam Baylis, and Western and Walling. N. B. Fithian, the treasurer of this establishment, has resigned, and E. G. Stone, formerly the treasurer of Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, now fills the vacancy.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

EMERSON'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS, under the management of J. H. Haverly, played in Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 15, 16, with matinee to audiences which filled every part of the theatre. The performance was excellent, and as a whole it has rarely been surpassed. Fifteen people are seen in the first-part, Ben Cotton and Billy Emerson on the ends, and J. E. Kemble interlocutor. The vocalisms were effectively rendered by W. H. Tilla, J. G. Russell and Beaumont Read. Mackin and Wilson in their specialty "Wash Day" was good. Earnest Linden's impersonations were highly appreciated. Billy Emerson's grotesque witticisms, dances and posturing are always amusing. The programme concluded with the afterpiece "The Opera in an Uproar." The company opens in Pittsburg, Pa., 18, one week, Cincinnati, O., 25, one week, Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, one week. Letter of Dec. 16.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS are to perform in Canton, O., Dec. 21, Massillon 22, Akron 23.

LEW BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS opened to fair business at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 13. Benedict and Charley Lord appeared to advantage on the ends, and later in two new and good sketches. Harrington and McGlone's song-and-dance was well received, as was Adams and Lee's banjo-solos. The singing in the first-part was somewhat weak. This troupe is to appear in Allentown 18, Harrisburg 19, York 20, Washington, D. C., 21

TERMS.

Single copy 10 cents. Per annum, $5.00 in advance, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

No strike of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is made from each yearly subscription.

ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance. FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877,

THE ALMANAC FOR 1877, WHICH WE ARE NOW COMPILING, WILL CONTAIN:

The Clipper Time Table.

Fastest recorded time in Horse-racing, Trotting, Pacing, Hurdle-racing, Steeplechasing, Rowing, Running, Walking, Snow-shoe Racing, Ice-boating, Swimming, Skating, Bicycle-riding, and by Fire-engines and Hose Companies, Ocean and River Steamers, and Locomotives; Records of Jumping, Lifting, the Prize-ring, Ratting, Ball-throwing, Cricket, Billiards, Rifle-shooting, Skittles, Glazing, Trap-shooting, Type-setting, Bricklaying, etc.

Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876.

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

Astronomical Information for the Year.

Baseball—The Season of 1876, Giving the Players' Averages and Record of Model Games.

A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

And several other departments of useful information, with numerous illustrations, including

THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL, THE MAD POET'S AND THE PILOTS' MONUMENTS IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, ETC., ETC.; also, among others, the following interesting stories and poems:

THE CALLBOY'S TREAT—A story of the stage, by CELIA LOGAN.

TUMBLETY'S BAND—A reminiscence of the early days of minstrelsy, by CHAS. H. DAY.

THE CRIME OF A CLOWN—An advance-agent's story, by J. WIGHT.

LIGHTNING SALVE—A sideshow story, by VANDYKE BROWN.

THE MILL OF DEVERS—An illustrated poem, by E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE (by request), and PARODY ON SAME, by MAGNOLIA.

THE DANCERS—An illustrated poem.

MY ONLY COMIC SONG—Illustrated—by J. H. B.

and numerous other special and miscellaneous features that will make it a most acceptable annual and insure it a large circulation.

WE ARE PREPARED TO

RECEIVE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877,

on our usual cash terms, at the following rates:

ONE PAGE, 7⅞x4½in.....$40
HALF A PAGE.....20
QUARTER OF A PAGE.....10
A SPACE OF 25x31 EMS AGATE.....5

Advertisers are requested to send in their favors NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 27.

FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860. 88 and 90 Centre street, New York

WANTED, FOR THE OPENING OF THE HAMILTON OPERA-HOUSE, HAMILTON, ONTARIO, TWO GOOD END-MEN that can do song-and-dance. TWO FEMALE VOCALISTS, IRISH or DUTCH COMEDIAN, who can do middle bit.

Hams without music and wardrobe need not apply.

SEASON BEGINS MONDAY, DEC. 18.

Apply, stating lowest salary, to H. A. DAWSON,
38-1t* P. O. Box 1,550, Toronto, Ont.

THE ST. JAMES ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL, 56 Lime street, Liverpool, Eng. J. W. WILLIAMS.....Proprietor

THE HOTEL adjoins Sam Hague's Minstrels, is within three minutes of the leading theatres and railway stations, and is, therefore, particularly convenient for TRANSATLANTIC PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN. The American Bar, handsomely furnished, with reading-room, lavatories, etc., will be found an especially desirable resort. English and American theatrical papers on file. 39-26t

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, song-and-dance ladies, jig and clog-dancers, serio-comic singers, female gymnasts, a banjoist, and two negro comedians. GEORGE E. STONEBURNER, P. O. Box 97, Lancaster, O. 39-1t*

CLIPPER. A FILE OF 115 FOR SALE. PRICE, $5. Address A. G. WESTON,
39-1t* Care of CLIPPER.

FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, with excellent wardrobe, tip-top voice, first class make-up, choice budget of songs, is open for an engagement. Address ROSELLE,
39-1t* 495 Broome street, New York.

GREAT SUCCESS OF JOHNNY JENKINS at Miller's Variety Theatre, Deadwood, Black Hills. Open at Theatre Comique, St. Paul, Minn., 1st of May, 1877. N. B.—Ned and Willie Ainsley, please write. 39-1t*

CHAS. P. MARSH, LEADER of Brass Band and Orchestra; J. J. Baker, Solo B-flat Cornet; and E. C. Glasford, Second Violin and Solo Trombone, now with E. S. Washburn, will be at liberty to engage with responsible managers after Jan. 4, 1877. Address Newburg, N. Y., Dec. 25, Troy, Jan. 1, Glens Falls 2d. 39-1t*

WANTED,
A SITUATION WITH A GOOD, RELIABLE TRAVELING COMPANY,
by a Clarionet and Valve Trombone player (baritone parts). Neat dresser and strictly temperate. Please note permanent address: J. G. RUBIN,
39-1t* Janesville, Wis.

ACTS, SKETCHES, DRAMAS, GAGS, SONGS, STUMP-SPEECHES, FARCES, Burlesque and Original Novelties, of all kinds written to order by J. DAVEAU,
36-1f 116 South First street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

HASCALL'S HALL, GOSHEN, IND., has recently been fitted up with a new drop-curtain and six complete sets of scenery, painted by the Chicago Scenic Artists MESSRS. TRYON & GRAHAM.

Goshen is a fine town of 5,000 inhabitants, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R. R., about halfway between Chicago and Detroit. A good show can play three nights to good business. For terms apply to
35-13t* CHAS. B. ALDERMAN, Goshen, Ind.

CARPENTER'S HALL, CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND. JAMES MCCAFFREY, Agent.

First-class Hall; Lighted by Gas; Lime-lined; Splendid Scenery; good Piano. Seating capacity, 600 chairs. 33-13t*

MASONIC TEMPLE, NASHVILLE, TENN. L. C. Halle, manager. Just Refinished. Everything Entirely New. Dress-circle and parquet with patent folding chairs; family circle with handsome settees; reclined seats, new drop-curtain, new scenery, new stage. Seating capacity, 1,200. The most elegant and complete theatre in the State. Rent low. Combinations and stars treated with on liberal sharing terms. Address all communications to L. C. Halle, manager, Nashville, Tenn. Refer to Adelaide Phillipps Opera Troupe, John T. Ford (Edwin Booth Co.), Maggie Mitchell, Parepa, Vaness Co., Hall's Combination, Harrigan and Hart, Bryant's, Kelly & Leon's, Harry Robinson's, Cal Wagner's, and other minstrel troupes. 1-51*

SLUSSER'S THEATRE COMIQUE, DANVILLE, ILL. NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS. Talent wanted at all times. Performers wishing BONANZAS can save pen, ink and paper by not writing. Address J. E. GREEN, Manager,
39-2t Theatre Comique.

EAGLE HALL, NEW HALL, DOVER, N. H. The subscriber has opened a first-class hall opposite the Boston and Maine Passenger Depot for Dramatic, Operatic, Concerts, Lectures, Minstrels, Variety, &c. The finest Hall in the city, and the cheapest four hotels within three minutes' walk from the Hall. Forums address GEORGE G. LOWELL, Box 242, Dover, N. H.
Or J. G. H. SHOREY, Billposter, Box 1,373. 27-13t*

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—A variety of very elegant Illusions, Punch-and-Judy Figures and Curiosities, Wax Heads, always on hand. Enlarged Wizard's Wonderful Cabinet, chock full of wonders; six tricks and instructions for sixteen others, with Magician's Opening and Concluding Speeches. Free by mail for 25c. Davenport Rope-trick, 7c. Inclose stamp for price-lists, or 15c. for new illustrated 48-page catalogue. Address W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry street, N. Y. 27-13t*

UNION HALL, GOUVERNEUR, N. Y. A new and beautiful hall. Commodious stage and dressing-rooms, first-class scenery. Seating capacity, 800. To rent at reasonable rates by the night or on percentage. Good patronage. Address UNION HALL CO.,
39-15t* Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE, FROSTBURG, MD., for rent, by the night, week, or on percentage, to first-class companies and combinations only. It is beautifully frescoed, has first-class stage, scenery and dressing-rooms, is seated with opera chairs, heated with steam, and lighted with gas. The nicest little house in the State. Capacity, 600. Address PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE,
39-15t* Frostburg, Md.

TO MANAGERS AND TRAVELING Companies, Stars and Combinations. We are constantly in receipt of the successes of London and Paris, and parties desiring attractive pieces would do well to correspond with us. We have recently sold "Miss Moulton" and "Danicheff" to the Union-square Theatre; also "Daniel Druce" to Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer. We have the following unacted plays to dispose of in some localities:

1. "THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE."
2. "SWEETHEARTS."
3. "FOUL CRIME."
4. "MARRIED IN HASTE."
5. "FERREOL."
6. "JOHN GARTH."

We also have a magnificent play for a leading man, one for strong, emotional actress, and one for eccentric comedian. All foreign successes.

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
36-13t* 122 Nassau street, New York.

ACTORS AND AMATEURS can always get their Plays, Guide-books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork (prepared by new process, better than any other made), Face Preparations, Costumes, Wigs, Beards and Moustaches (at reduced prices), Scenery, Operas, Charades. Our new catalogue, sent free, containing full description and price list. Address SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 122 Nassau street, New York. Just published "My Mother-in-Law, or a Divorce Wanted," price 15 cents. 34-13t*

CITY HALL, LEWISTON, MAINE. This is a new hall, facing the Park, located on three streets, and is one of the best halls in New England. Will seat 1,000. Large and commodious stage, with all modern improvements and a full set of scenery. Brilliantly lighted with gas, and furnished with every convenience to make it first-class. Thirty per cent. reduction from last year's prices. For dates and particulars address CITY HALL, Lewiston, Me. 10-52*

TO CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW Managers. M. R. KUNKELY, 163 South street, between Roosevelt and Dover streets, New York City, Manufacturer of Circus and Sideshow Canvas. 36-13t*

HARVEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA. Beautifully frescoed, first-class stage and dressing-rooms, well lighted and ventilated. CAPACITY, 800. FOR RENT BY NIGHT OR PERCENTAGE. 36-54* ROBT. T. HARVEY & SONS.

OPERA-HOUSE FOR SALE. THE OPERA-HOUSE AT NEWBURG, N. Y. This is a good chance for anyone wishing to go in a PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE BUSINESS. It has a GOOD RUN OF CUSTOM, and, being only 60 miles from New York, on the Hudson, the business can be largely increased by personal attention. One-half of purchase-price will be left on bond and mortgage. Address WILLIAM D. DICKEY, Proprietor,
39-4t Newburg, N. Y.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY FOR THE ENTIRE SUMMER SEASON, BY DUFREZ & BENEDICT'S GIGANTIC MINSTRELS,

to form a quintet, an extra balladist, high tenor or an alto-stinger, with a good, pleasing voice. One who plays brass preferred. Also, wanted a first-class second violinist, who can play a good B-solo baritone in band, and must have first-class instruments. None but strictly temperate, reliable persons need apply, by letter or in person, at Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 18, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 20, and after Dec. 25 apply at 138 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., stating lowest salary for these tight times, and the same must be moderate to secure engagements. Applicants will please consider fifteen days' silence a negative. Salaries sure, and paid weekly. CHAS. H. DUFREZ, Manager and Sole Proprietor. 38-2t

NOTICE TO AGENTS AND COMBINATIONS.

HOWARD HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD.

This hotel is convenient to all theatres, and the table is furnished with the best the market affords. Rate to professionals, $2 to $10.50 per week. 37-13t*

NEW MAGIC TRICKS. THE CHINESE CORD TRAT, the most marvelous trick ever invented, 40cts. Oracle trick, 15cts. Latest catalogue, 5cts. Ten good tricks, with full apparatus, for 50cts. QUEEN & CO.,
38-4t* 3 Block street, Stoneham, Mass.

TO THE PROFESSION. There is a rumor circulated through the profession that the ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS, has closed. Some evil-disposed person has tried to injure the management. They also reported that there have been no salaries paid for two weeks. We, the undersigned, who have played two and four weeks' successful engagements, wish to pronounce the rumor false in every sense of the word; each and every one has received their salary in full, and have been treated with due respect and courtesy. We further recommend all first-class specialty people to write and secure dates.

(Signed)
GEO. W. PIKE,
ED. BANKER,
GUS MILLS,
HARRY ARMSTRONG,
DAVE OAKS,
REL MUEAR,
CHARLEY ARMSTRONG.
THE O'DONOUGHUE,
FRANK MARA,
HARRY MONTAGUE.
MISS ADRIENNE GREY, PASCHALL SISTERS,
MISS KITTY SHEPPARD, MISS ADA LAURENT [38-2t

MR. SOTHERN'S TOUR. 1876-77.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 18, 19; EVANSVILLE, Dec. 20, 21; INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., 22, 23; DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 25, 30; CHICAGO, Jan. 1, 6, 1877; ST. LOUIS, Jan. 8, 15; SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22, Feb. 17; BALDWIN'S ROCH-STREET THEATRE, Phila., March 12, till end of season. Permanent address, SIMMONDS & WALL, 38-1f 10 Union square, N. Y. City.

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.—MADAME IVAN C. MICHELS thoroughly prepares ladies and gentlemen for the stage and lecture-room. Amateur performances superintended. For terms apply 31-13t* 33 LAFAYETTE PLACE, City

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—Magical apparatus and conjuring tricks for stage or parlor; also juggling-balls, knives, etc., the finest and best finished at reasonable figures. Send 15cts. for illustrated catalogue, or 5cts. for price-list. THOS. W. YOST, No. 28 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa. 34-13t

MOZART HALL, HOPKINSVILLE, KY. New, neat, and commodious. Open for engagements on favorable terms. No license. Patronage good. Approached by railroad from all directions. N. L. BAKER, Agent.
11-30t*

SEASON OF 1876-1877. TALLY'S OPERA-HOUSE, SHREVEPORT, LA., FOR RENT TO TRAVELING COMPANIES OR COMBINATIONS, at low rent or on shares. Gas and good scenery. Seating capacity, 600; population, 10,000. Good hotel accommodations at low rates. Apply to RICOU & GROUCHY, Lessees.
30-22t*

FOR RENT, IN COMPLETE order, the Globe Theatre of New Orleans, La., by the week or month. For particulars address the proprietors, MESSRS. SCHNEIDER & ZUBERBIER,
33-13t P. O. Drawer No. 431, New Orleans.

TO AMATEURS.—WIGS, BEARDS, moustaches, plays, colored fire, tableau lights, magnesium lights, burnt cork, clown white, Indian red, rouge, blanc, lighting, flash-torches, and every requisite for exhibitions at lowest prices. Send stamp for price-list to JAS. F. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 35-13t*

MASQUERADE BALL COSTUMES.—I will furnish two hundred suits of masquerade costumes at any point in the United States or Canada for ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, or for a per cent. of the proceeds of the ball, or for what I can make from the rent of them. I carry a new and beautiful assortment of costumes—the best comic suits on exhibition. Selected and gotten up under the supervision of COSTUMER JONES, the costumer of the world. Address
37-3t* MISS LOTTA JONES, Fairbury, Ill.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS and the profession visiting Logansport, Ind. We, the undersigned, cheerfully recommend the GERKING HOUSE, THE SHOWMAN'S FRIEND, as the proprietor takes interest and does all he can to make his house the home of professionals. Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, Jas. Heywood's New York Serenaders, Dargon's Dramatic Company, R. E. Stevens' Combination, Harry Robinson's Minstrels and many others. 37-13t

RICHMOND, IND., PHILLIPS' OPERA-HOUSE, formerly Phillips' Hall, corner of Main and Marion street, in business centre. Has been entirely rebuilt in opera style, with an addition of 50 feet. Reseated with cushioned folding-chairs. Stage 42 by 50 feet. Fire. Dressing-rooms. Will seat thirteen hundred. Population sixteen thousand. N. L. C. WATT, Agent. 37-4t*

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD, en route for England; will return to America about Jan. 15, 1877. All communications for him should be addressed to his agent, H. B. LONSDALE, Care COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MASONIC HALL, CHILLICOTHE, O., enlarged and remodeled, will be ready for opening Dec. 9. Capacity, 800. Entrance to dress-circle and parquet on ground floor; balcony circle seats all available; stage 26x47 feet, complete, with all modern appliances.

FULL SETS OF WORKING-TRAPS. 19 COMPLETE SETS OF SCENERY. SCENERY BY J. H. BOUGH OF WEITING OPERA-HOUSE, SYRACUSE, N. Y., formerly of Booth's.

Stage and machinery by W. H. Groom, Syracuse. Spacious and convenient dressing-rooms. For rent to first-class troupes by night or week, or on shares. Terms moderate. Apply to [37-13t* PH. KLEIN, Supt.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO VOCALISTS.—Orchestral parts (seven instruments) of any common-length ballad or song arranged for $1. J. CHADSEY, 305 East 24th street, N. Y.
39-13t*

H. MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA, Nos. 720, 722, 724, 726 VINE STREET. The finest Variety and Concert place. Only first-class artists. Artists wanted every week. HENRY MILLER, Proprietor.
30-13t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CHICAGO, ILL.

PROPRIETORS.....McCOY, EMMETT & WOODWARD
MANAGER.....WM. EMMETT
Stage-manager and Advertiser.....WM. FITZ SIMMONS

HANDSOMEST VARIETY THEATRE IN THE CITY.

WILL OPEN FOR THE SEASON ON NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT, JAN. 1, '77,

WITH AMPLE MONEY RESOURCES.

Variety profession, address immediately for engagements to the manager, as above, stating lowest salary. All letters punctually answered. 37-4t*

DELISSIER'S STEREOPTICON. A Tour Around the World. Our Country. The Yosemite and Pacific Slope. Holy Land and Egypt. Statuary and Fine Arts. A first-class entertainment, well recommended. Wanted, halls on sharing terms, within 100 miles. Address, with open dates, E. DELISSIER,
39-1t* Box 400, Jersey City, N. J.

ADMIRAL DOT, THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA DWARF,

and the smallest Character Artist in the world, whose marvelous ability as an actor and musician has called forth the encomiums of the press and public. Having closed a long and successful engagement with P. T. Barnum, is now open to negotiate with managers. The finest card in the country. He will open at the Philadelphia Museum for a short season on Monday, Dec. 18.

NOTICE.—It is specially understood that Mr. William Potter is no longer connected with the agency of ADMIRAL DOT. Any managers wishing the services of Admiral Dot will address at once, stating dates, terms, etc., ADMIRAL DOT, Philadelphia Museum, Ninth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 39-1t*

MR. A. J. WHITCOMB, SOLO-HARPIST, AND MRS. NORMA WHITCOMB, VOCALIST, can be engaged after Dec. 25. Address
39-1t* Care of CLIPPER office. A. J. WHITCOMB.

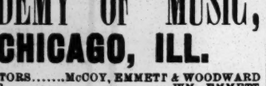
HARRY G. RICHMOND, SECOND SEASON, EAGLE THEATRE. 39-1t*

BANJO Correctly taught by mail. 1,300 tunes now ready; 10cts. each, or 14 for $1. Simplest method in the world. Every piece fully explained. Hundreds of testimonials. Satisfaction guaranteed. CIRCULAR FREE. Sample tune and catalogue of 1,200 pieces for 10cts. and stamp. DIME BANJO MUSIC CO., 208 and 206 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Best Strings, 50c. 39-1t*

Casimir's Opera-house, CALVERT, TEXAS.

This new hall is just furnished, and has a complete set of scenery; can seat 500 persons, and is well ventilated. Companies expecting to visit Texas during the next season can secure the above by corresponding with J. P. CASIMIR, Proprietor.
37-13t*

BANJO!



BOGAN'S PROFESSIONAL SILVER RIM AND ROSEWOOD BANJOS.

Prices, from $10 to $50. Plain, $5 to $20. Bogan's Banjo Manual, the only method of the kind ever published, enabling any person to play at sight, containing 89 popular airs; price, bound in cloth, $4. Banjo, Song-and-Dance, Jig, Clog and Irish Jig taught for the stage. Bogan's Guide to the Stage, or Dancing Without a Master, comprising all above dances, complete, price $1. Send stamp for catalogue and sample of Banjo Method. Address J. J. BOGAN, 109 E. Houston street, New York. 39-1t*

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

This hotel has recently changed hands, and has been entirely refitted. Table a specialty. Special rates to the profession. HEIST & KROPF, Proprietors.

I would earnestly recommend the above house to the profession. W. H. SHERMAN,
39-1t* Agent Heywood Bros.

DO YOU LOVE ME, LITTLE SADIE?

Ask "Judge" Crusoe of the Georgia Minstrels about this taking first-part song. It is superb. Orchestral parts and song mailed for 35 cents. ROE STEPHENS,
1 t* Detroit, Mich.

Howard Athenæum, BOSTON.

The Only First-class Novelty Theatre in the City.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS

can always secure engagements at this theatre at good salaries, by waiting until such times as we have an opening for them. Others WE DO NOT EMPLOY.

Specialty Artists performing at other places in Boston will be excluded from our list during the administration of the present management.

COMBINATIONS can always receive good sharing terms, and in some cases a CERTAINTY will be paid. When complete organizations occupy the Howard Athenæum, the Novelty Company will perform at another first-class establishment in Boston, or make a tour through the New England cities; therefore constantly engaging the services of OUR COMPLETE NOVELTY COMPANY during the entire season. Address all communications to
39-1f JOHN STETSON, Manager.

BANJO AN ELEGANT SILVER-RIM BANJO, with sixteen fancy round brackets, highly polished, inlaid, pearl handle, selected clear heads, with the simplified method and case, all C. O. D. for $16—former price, $30; best strings at 60c. per set. Simplified method for banjo and guitar, bound books, 30c. each. Send Stamp for pamphlet. GEORGE C. DOBSON,
39-1f 1,107 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE AUSTIN BROS. CHAMPION RIFLE-TEAM OF THE WORLD, AND Wonders of the Nineteenth Century.

TWO MORE IMMENSE HITS,

AT HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON, AND ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

READ THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—It is hard to particularize when all were so good, but the Austin Bros.' display of wonderful nerve and skill in the use of the rifle was the best thing on the bill. They handle their rifles with daring grace, and their aim was quick and unerring.—PROVIDENCE SUNDAY DISPATCH, Dec. 10, 1876.

The celebrated Austin Bros., in their marvelous feats of marksmanship with the rifle, must be seen to be believed. —PROVIDENCE DAILY JOURNAL, Dec. 5, 1876.

The shooting of the great Austin Bros. was fine, and so coolly did they shoot, and with such unerring marksmanship, that the nervous depression usually attendant upon such an exhibition was entirely done away with.—PROVIDENCE DAILY SUN, Dec. 5, 1876.

The best feature of the whole entertainment was the marvelous shooting feats of the Austin Bros. They stand unrivaled in their rifle-feats, and accomplished all and more than they profess to undertake. They completely surprise the audience with the accuracy of their aim. They use powder and ball, and, depending as they do in one or two feats upon artificial sight, it is truly wonderful how successful they are in their shooting.—PROVIDENCE DAILY STAR, Dec. 5, 1876.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—The Austin Bros. do some startling things in the way of shooting apples from each other's heads and hands, in all sorts of postures, snuffing candle held in the hand at twenty paces, removing ashes from a cigar held in the mouth, etc., etc.—BOSTON HERALD, Dec. 12, 1876.

The Austin Bros. gave an exhibition of their wonderful marksmanship by shooting apples from each other's heads and hands, and performing other equally as perilous feats with the rifle.—BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, Dec. 12, 1876.

The Austin Bros., who execute some of the most daring and remarkable feats with the rifle, such as shooting apples from each other's heads simultaneously, snuffing a candle held in the hand, etc.—BOSTON JOURNAL, Dec. 13, 1876.

ROUTE AHEAD: Dec. 18, Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, one week; Jan. 1, 1877, Tony Pastor's, New York, two weeks; Jan. 22, Park Theatre, Brooklyn, one week; Jan. 29, Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, one week.

We have one week open commencing Dec. 25, one week commencing Jan. 15, and one commencing Feb. 5. Address care of CLIPPER office. 39-1t*

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON. THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION

IN ITS FIFTH ANNUAL TOUR.

IN THE THRILLING NEW DRAMA dramatized expressly for HON. W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL) by COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, and arranged for the stage by the popular actor J. V. ARLINGTON, entitled

THE RED RIGHT HAND;

OR,

Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer,

portrayed by the renowned histrionic frontier heroes

BUFFALO BILL (HON. W. F. CODY), Chief of Scouts for Generals Terry and Crook, and CAPTAIN JACK (J. W. CRAWFORD), the post scout of the Black Hills, supported by the following popular dramatic artists:

J. V. ARLINGTON, HARRY IRVING,
CHAS. B. WAITE, THOS. R. BRUCE,
THOS. Z. GRAHAM, CHAS. ARMSBIE,
HARRY MELVILAND, AL. R. GRAY,
HARRY MELMER, J. R. YOUNGER,
W. S. MACEVOY, FRED WILLIAMS,
MISS FANNY HERRING, MISS LAURA FAY,
MISS PEARL LUCILLE.

HON. W. F. CODY, Proprietor and Manager.
C. B. BLANCHETT, Business-manager.
C. B. WAITE, Stage-manager.
JOSH. E. OGDEN, General Agent.
H. HARVEY, Programme Agent.
A. H. MEYERING, Leader of Orchestra. 39-1t*

BANJO MUSIC New and Original Solos for PROFESSIONAL and AMATEUR BANJOISTS. VARIATIONS, WALTZES, POLKAS, SCHOTTISCHES, JIGS, ETC.

DUETS, with variations for Violin or Flute, Banjo accompaniment. Solos arranged by simple method and fully explained. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. For catalogue and price address AL. BAUR,
39-2t* Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

CENTENNIAL SLIDES READY.

PLEASE SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 39-1t*

THE LEVINO BROS., Lightning Caricaturists and Tumbler-harmonicon Soloists, have just closed a highly successful and satisfactory engagement with me. They are elegant and attractive artists. Their performance is novel and artistic, and sure to please any kind of an audience. They are engaged for a future date. TONY PASTOR.
New York, Dec. 11, 1876.
Managers, please address LEVINO BROS.,
care of CLIPPER office.
N. B.—Elegant cuts and lithos. 38-2t*

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, OPERA-HOUSE.

The only place in the city. Rent low, great reduction in local expenses, making this one of the best paying towns in the West. Sharing terms, if desired. Address J. W. STOCKBRIDGE, Agent.
38-2t

POLLARD, LEIGHTON & CO., No. 104 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THEATRICAL HOUSTRIAN GOODS, GOLD AND SILVER AND MILITARY AND SOCIETY GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Laces, Fringes, Braids, Gimps, Cords, Stars, Brocades, Tassels, Spangles, Embroideries, Silk, Worsted and Cotton Flights, Shirts, Hose, Trunks, Leotards, Body Dresses, Tights, Belts, Fancy Vests, Flags, Banners, Theatrical Jewelry, Combat Swords, Foil Paper and Copper Foil, Armor, Helmets, Indian Moccasins, Sandals, Indino Masks, Wire Masks, Banner Silks and Bunting, Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells; BOXING GLOVES, $2.50 and upwards per set of two pair; Send for price list, and mention the kind of goods wanted.

TO FIRST-CLASS MANAGERS AND STARS. E. B. BROWN, NOW IN EUROPE,

the late business-manager of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, under the management of Mrs. Chanfrau and C. W. Tayleure,

WILL SHORTLY RETURN

to America. He is now at liberty to receive proposals for his services. Address No. 9 Rue Castiglione, Hotel Donnezo, Paris, until Dec. 6; 449 Strand, London, Eng., Dec. 8 to 20; after that, care Simmonds & Wall, New York. 38-1f

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MANAGER.....MR. C. WHEATLEIGH
SCENIC ARTIST.....MR. W. VORGTLIN

THE LARGEST AND FINEST THEATRE ON THE PACIFIC COAST. FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY. FIRST-CLASS APPOINTMENTS. STARS LIBERALLY TREATED WITH.

Address J. H. SNYDER, Agent,
33-13t* Grand Opera-house, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CIRCUS MEN FOR SALE,

Six (6) Cages, and good Animals to fill them. One Bandwagon, one ticket-wagon, one trunk-wagon, baggage-wagons, three pad horses, two trick mules, one canvas in good order, thirty-two lengths of seats complete, two sets of Kidd's chandeliers, pads, saddles, wardrobe, and everything complete for a wagon-show. Will be sold cheap, and on most favorable terms.

PERFORMERS OF ABILITY ARE WANTED FOR THE SEASON OF 1877.

WE PAY SALARIES PROMPTLY, BUT THEY MUST BE LOW.

WE ALSO WANT TO BUY A NUMBER OF CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES.

The stuff we have for sale is on the fair grounds in Topeka. Our privileges are all sold except the side-show, which is for sale to responsible parties.

SELLS BROTHERS,
38-3t Topeka, Kansas.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Proprietor and Manager.....ROBERT FOX
Business-manager.....WOOD BENSON

Applicants for dates in all branches of the variety, dramatic, burlesque and novelette business to be made personally or by letter to ROBERT FOX,
American Theatre, Chestnut street, above Tenth,
[36 1f] Philadelphia.

ARTISTS APPLYING FOR ENGAGEMENTS WILL PLEASE SEND THEIR PRIVATE ADDRESS OR HOTEL AT WHICH THEY ARE STOPPING.

FLAGS AND MILITARY GOODS. Shannon, Miller & Crane.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

THEATRICAL GOODS,

No. 46 Maiden Lane, New York.

BEST ENGLISH COTTON TIGHTS & SHIRTS,	per set,...$2 75
ROWING SHIRTS,	each,...$3 00 to 4 50
ROWING TIGHTS,	from $3 00 upwards.
WORSTED KNEE TIGHTS,	per pair,.. 2 00
WORSTED TIGHTS, SHIRTS, LEOTARDS AND BODY DRESSES,	each,.. 2 50
BEST SILK TIGHTS, COTTON TOPS,	per pair,..12 50
WORSTED TRUNKS,	per pair,.. 1 75
RED CLOGS,	per pair, from $3 50 to 4 50
CLOWN SUITS,	from $3 00 upwards.
STRIPED STOCKINGS,	per pair,..$1 75 and upwards.
SPANGLES,	per lb. 2 25
SKULL CAPS,	from 75c. each, upwards.
SUPPORTERS,	each,.. 1 00
MAKE-UP BOXES,	each,.. 1 00
PREPARED BURNT CORK & CLOWN WHITE, in Boxes of ¼, ½, ¾, and 1 lb.,	per lb.. 2 00
NEGRO WIGS	each...$1 50 $2 50 and 3 50
CHARACTER WIGS,	from $4 00 upwards
MUSTACHES,	from 25 to 50c.
WHISKERS AND BEARDS,	per set,..$1 25 to 2 50
BOXING GLOVES,	per set of two pairs, from $3 00 upwards.
CALF STOCKING PADS,	per pair,.. 2 75
CALF and THIGH PADS,	per pair,.. 9 50
LONG BURLESQUE SONG & DANCE SHOES, 12, 15, and 18 inches,	per pair,..6 50
WHITE CANVAS SLIPPERS,	per pair,.. 1 00
WHITE CANVAS GAITERS,	per pair,.. 2 50

THEATRICAL, MILITARY & REGALIA GOODS IN EVERY VARIETY.

Flags, Banners; Rowing Suits; Bear, Monkey, Frog, and other Suits; Theatrical Jewelry; Papier-Mache Heads and Wax Figures to order; Combat Swords; Linen Thread for Spangling; Gilt, Plated and Tinsel Fringes; Laces, Gimps, Braids, Cords, Stars, Tassels, Brocades; Embroideries, &c., every variety; Cotton and Satin Dominoes, and Wire Masks; Foil Paper and Copper Foil; Armor, Helmets, &c.; Indian Moccasins, Sandals, &c.; Satin Opera Slippers and Theatrical Boots; Gold and Silver Leather; Real Skeletons and Imitation of Papier-Mache; Fencing Materials; Worsted and Silk Fringes, Tassels, &c.; Banner Silk and Bunting; Spears, Eagles, &c.; Every Pattern of Hat to order; Horse Plumes

Goods Sent C. O. D. Send for Circular.
30-26t*

CHARLESTON, S.C. OWENS' ACADEMY OF MUSIC

32-tf Address Frank Arthur, Business Manager.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, AUBURN, N. Y.

Opera chairs and new scenery throughout. SEATING CAPACITY, 1,100. Appointments first-class in every respect. To rent or sharing terms with first-class companies. For open dates, address P. H. LEHNEN, Manager.
34-13t*

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS, all sizes and prices. PICTURES illustrating every subject for PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT and PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS. PAYS WELL ON SMALL CAPITAL. 74-page catalogue FREE. CENTENNIAL MEDAL and DIPLOMA awarded to McALLISTER, Manufacturing Optician, 49 Nassau street, NEW YORK.
34-8t*

GRIMALDI ADAMS' ROYAL HUMPTY DUMPTY TROUPE.

Wanted, specialty artists of all kinds. Address GRIMALDI ADAMS & CO., care National Printing Co., Chicago, Ill. 38-2t*

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS, LA. FOR SALE OR RENT,

with scenery, library, costumes complete, and ready for use as a first-class opera-house. For terms and conditions apply to MERCHANTS' MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 104 Canal street, New Orleans. [27-13t*

ESTABLISHED 1842. W. DAZIAN, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF Theatrical and Equestrian Goods OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

280 BOWERY, NEAR HOUSTON ST., NEW YORK. GOODS SENT C. O. D. TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES 36-13t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Reduction of 20 per cent. for the season of 1877, attaches and license included. No other amusements.
37-13t GEO. H. SLADE, Manager.

THE OLD RELIABLES. HAPPY CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,

NUMBERING 20 First-class Performers.

TALENT WANTED AT ALL TIMES.

Wanted immediately, one first double-bass player that can play tuba in band; also a clarionet-player, who must